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THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: CHINESE IRREGULAR TROOPS FROM THE INTERIOR ON THE MARCH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is nobody who has stranger stories to tell us of real life than the family physician, but they concern his patients and not himself. Except in "The Arabian Nights" he is a spectator of the scenes he describes, and does not belong to the *dramatis persone*. In Constantinople, however, it seems that even an English doctor may still have his adventures. The physician of Ibrahim Bey, we read, was in his dressing-room the other day when the earthquake took place. This was a little out of his experience. The house rocked, the pictures fell from the walls, and the ceiling collapsed. This was pretty well, but he treated it with the philosophy that is the handmaid of science. Presently, however, through the debris of the partition were projected upon him three ladies of the harem. This really did shock him, for to look upon the wife of the Bey—much more on three of them—is an offence punished with death. However, for the moment the earthquake was the more absorbing thought, and they all four rushed into the street, where they found the Bey himself scuttling out of the house like a rabbit. The physician, on account of extenuating circumstances, and also because his Highness did not believe in native doctors, was graciously pardoned, and the ladies did not, as usual, "get the sack," but were simply purified by a dip in the Bosphorus. All's well that ends well, but the incident was probably the strangest that was ever recorded in the diary of a physician.

The newspaper obituaries of Mrs. John Forster read like satires upon fame. It seems to be well understood that she was the widow of the author of the "Life of Dickens," and one or two of the chroniclers even remind us that he also wrote the "Life of Goldsmith"; but for the most part he is described as having written "various critical works." To one who remembers John Forster as he was, and the position he held in the literary society of his day, this treatment of the "arbitrary gent," as the cabman described him, seems amazing. At a great dinner given by the late Mr. W.H. Smith at the Star and Garter at Richmond, I remember how his personality seemed to tower over everybody. To Dickens only he showed a certain deference; but even that was not to be relied upon; and indeed, often as they met, they seldom parted without a passage of arms. I could never quite understand what drew him and the great novelist so near together. It was, however, difficult to judge of Dickens in this respect; the friendship that existed between him and Lord Lytton, for example, to those who knew the men, was well-nigh inexplicable. Perhaps the poet's phrase, "How his unlikeness fitted mine," may have been the key of the mystery, for they had little in common.

Literary persons have sometimes to write—though they never do it well—upon matters out of their line. Leitch Ritchie told me that the most difficult "copy" he ever had to furnish was a pamphlet upon dentistry. One can easily imagine that it is not a subject to take everybody's fancy, and, unless his fancy is to some extent attracted to his theme, the writer—who in such a case can scarcely be called the author—rarely does himself justice. The true journalist rises in this respect superior to his fellows. Though, unlike Dean Swift, he may not be able to write finely upon a broomstick, he can "make believe very much," almost to the extent of Dick Swiveller's Marchioness, in extracting wine from orange-peel; but for my part here I take a back seat. Unless I discover "copy" for myself I can do little good with it. In my time at Eton it was the custom with one's tutor to supply us with what was disrespectfully called "nonsense," material for some suggested theme: it seemed to me little short of miraculous, though I have since known many a newspaper editor who has accomplished the same feat. One of them years ago was so good as to offer me a place on his staff; "but I have never turned my attention," I said, "to this, that, and the other," the subjects under discussion. "My good soul, what does it signify?" he replied; "I should cram you like a chicken." This, I am quite certain, would have resulted in failure, though in moments of exhilaration I sometimes picture myself as one of the greatest leader writers of the age. I shrink from all "copy" in which I have no interest, and especially therefore and above all from "gratuitous copy."

There was a very lively article upon this subject in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*. It very pleasantly held up to scorn that "schedule of impertinent inquiries," which all literary notoriety is in the habit of receiving, as to what they eat and drink and smoke. Why the public should wish to have this information retailed to them is inexplicable to me. Putting myself in its place, I find I have not the slightest desire to know whether my favourite novelist takes two lumps of sugar in his tea or one, or even if he "laces" it with brandy; but it is not the curiosity that disgusts me so much as the notion of my satisfying it without remuneration. "Information received" is paid for even by the police, and especially when it is of a private nature, and what can be more private—and even confidential—than the inquiry, "What meats do you patronise? what drinks do you absorb? and how many pipes do you

smoke per diem?" The view of the periodical which proposes to make these details public is that while in each case they do not take long to write, if it can get notoriety enough to swallow the bait (which is that of personal advertisement) it will obtain quite a long article, full of well-known names, without its costing more than the postage. The original of this ingenious idea is, I believe, not, as is supposed, derived from America, but from the Continent. The French and the Italians have long preyed upon the British author in a similar manner, but have used a different fly to make him rise. Their excuses for obtaining gratuitous copy is the happiness it would afford them to make his genius known among an alien people. When the author is young this is a very killing bait. Later in life he replies in the blindest manner that what is worth printing is worth paying for.

In these days of divorces, and when the institution of marriage is so often pronounced to be a failure, it is a pity that we hear nothing of the other side of the question, except once a year when the flitch is given at Dunmow; a ceremony which has itself a farcical air, and even suggests that beyond half-a-dozen married couples there are few, if the question of domestic disagreement was thoroughly entered into, who would save their bacon. A more ridiculous conclusion was never arrived at from insufficient data. Couples who are content with one another do not write articles in the magazines to say so, nor dilate on their happiness on platforms; and being neither seen nor heard their silence is taken by the shrieking sisterhood, and that undoubtedly large minority of persons who marry in haste and repent at leisure, for consent. A good deal of disappointment unquestionably arises from the exaggerated views of married happiness that have been dwelt upon by the novelists, and also from the ideals concerning it, which, without doubt, fall short of the reality. The precipitate young persons who fall in love with one another at first sight are naturally disenchanted when they get the gift of second sight—i.e., a nearer view of things; and, on the other hand, it is not every girl who marries for money who is found to admit that, "after all, there is a great deal of happiness in diamonds." The fact is that the happiest matches are made from mixed motives, and these are by very far the most numerous. Expectation is not so high, and there is therefore less discontent. What is strange and at the same time very significant is that the enemies of matrimony always suppose the parties in question to be young people. It is only while the hey-day of passion lasts that the subject is in their opinion worth describing: whereas, if we consult the tables, the majority of us live much beyond that epoch, and it is in the afternoon and evening of life that marriage asserts its worth. On the level we are most of us well enough—we "go as we please"—but when we are "toddling down," as in the well-known case of John Anderson—likewise Jo—it is best to have a faithful arm to lean upon. The wickedest will in fiction was that Mr. Casaubon left in "Middlemarch"; one of the most touching in real life—though also made by an old man who had married a young woman—was that of Sir John Germain. He called his wife to his bedside and thus addressed her: "Lady Betty, I have made you, I fear, a very indifferent husband, and particularly of late years, when infirmities have rendered me a burden to myself, but I shall not be much longer troublesome to you. I advise you never again to marry an old man, but I strenuously exhort you to marry when I am gone, and I will endeavour to put it in your power. You have fulfilled every obligation towards me in an exemplary manner, and I wish to demonstrate my sense of your merits. I have, therefore, by my will bequeathed you my estate (Drayton, in Northamptonshire). I hope you will marry and have children to inherit it." What makes the matter still more pathetic is that, though Lady Betty survived Sir John fifty years, she never married a second time.

The proprietor of certain popular periodicals has kindly sent me a proposition made to him by an intending contributor, which, he says, he thinks will amuse me. This is not entirely the case, but, at the same time, as an example how the law of copyright is ignored by some people, and also of extreme audacity displayed in the effort to turn a dishonest penny, it has certainly some elements of humour—

Dear Sir,—Being a constant purchaser of your *So and So*, and seeing the announcement of your new paper *What's Its Name*, I thought I would try your generosity in accepting a story from me entitled "Lost Sir Massingberd." It is a very interesting story, with thirty-five chapters, and is in a very old volume with others. [This does not amuse me at all.] I would be glad if you would kindly let me know within the month whether you would accept it or not. As to terms [think of this!], I leave that entirely to yourself. If ever there was a high-handed outrage committed in (literary) Utica, here you surely have it.

Next to the gentlemen who predict the end of the world with such accuracy of detail, I think the weather-prophets "take the cake" for audacity. The former, indeed, when their date for the disappearance of all things is passed, are obliged to admit that there was a mistake in their calculations somewhere, before publishing a new volume of vaticination; but the meteorological seers, even after failure, neither retract nor apologise. One of them, I read, is even now taking credit to himself for having predicted a fine July. An English summer has been described

as "three fine days and a thunderstorm"; but up to this present writing there has been, in my neighbourhood, only the thunderstorm. The afternoon of Bank Holiday, it is true, was fine, but that was in August. What does the man mean by a fine July? It is curious how much more solicitous are our modern prophets of their reputation for forecasts than of their character for truth. When they are unexpectedly right, as in the case of the almanack-maker who predicted the snowstorm in June, they are careful to exhibit no astonishment, and instead of resting on their laurels, continue their trade. In old times persons—unless they were professional charlatans—were much more scrupulous. It was customary to impute to all learned men more or less supernatural gifts, but they had not the greediness for notoriety that is now so common, and also perhaps—not wholly free from superstition themselves—shrank from the greatness thus thrust upon them.

Dr. Flamsteed, who was Astronomer Royal in Newton's time, was, what is rare in persons of his position, a humorist; and the belief of his neighbours in his powers of consulting the stars about terrestrial affairs rather tickled him. An old washerwoman at Greenwich, who had been robbed of her linen, came to consult him about its recovery, and he thought it no harm to indulge himself in a joke. So he set about drawing squares and circles in the orthodox manner, and suggested that if she went into a certain field he would not be surprised if she found her lost linen in a ditch; but when she came back "with haste and joy" and a half-crown in her hand for his fee he was not only very much surprised but alarmed. "Good woman," he said, "I am heartily glad you have found your linen, but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and intended to read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events not in human power to tell; but I see Satan has a mind I should deal with him, and never will I attempt such an affair again so long as I live." De la Cour, the poet whom Swift immortalised by a very uncomplimentary couplet, was one of the luckiest of the prophets, for though only right for once, his reputation stuck to him for the rest of his days. He "pledged his reputation," six weeks before the event, that the garrison of Havannah would surrender on Aug. 14, which (as he would have said), "accordingly" came to pass. So far from being afraid of dealing with Satan, he kept, like Socrates, a demon out of livery, who informed him of future events. I remember in a certain mess-room the conversation after dinner turning upon a Captain Mosely in the regiment, who had the gift of prophecy, though it must be confessed it was mainly limited to sporting events. A guest who had drunk quite as much champagne as was good for him expressed incredulity to his next neighbour, who with a most courteous bow observed, "Well, that is an opinion I can hardly discuss with impartiality, because I am Mosely." "I do not doubt that at all," was the unexpected rejoinder, "but are you mosely right?"

Among other excellent things I have seen advertised on the walls, and not only on the walls but in leafy glades and on the boles of trees, in a certain picturesque but populous neighbourhood, is a potion for rendering one powerful and active. "Who wants to be a gymnast?" says the prospectus—and who would not? A gymnast "sitting alone with a crown of gold on a throne," or, more usually, on a pyramid formed by half a dozen of his subjects—"should drink [let us say] Simiacene." I do not know how much it would be generally necessary to take to effect this object, but in my case, I should think, a large quantity. The fillet around the dainty waist, the spangled vestments upon the shapely limbs, so attractive in the illustrations—are not an attire to fit an invalid, ready made; he would have to grow to it. This magic liquid, however, appeals to those who are much less ambitious in their desires. It enables one to distinguish oneself as a football player (with a kick always left in us for the referee), or a cricketer, or a cyclist. I suppose it would be dishonourable for an individual who has notoriously never played cricket to make a match at single wicket with a friend—say, for this day six weeks—and never tell him that you meant to drink Simiacene by the quart in the meantime. It would be like the billiard-player who handicapped himself to play with one eye covered up, and was afterwards discovered to have never had but one eye, which was considered to be a case of fraudulent reticence. For my part, I should be content to become a cyclist. If after (say) a pint of Simiacene I could get somebody to put me on the machine and to take me off—"take me off tenderly, lift me with care"—and to run by my side in case of accidents, I should really enjoy a ride on the two-wheeled steed, which, whatever may be said against it, is safer than any four-footed one. Care is said to sit behind the horseman, but upon the bicycle (unless he is a very little Care hardly worth mentioning) there is really no room for him. What interests me in the advertisement of this magic potion is the unacknowledged tribute it pays to literature, for though it is not called by the name I, and Mr. Merriman before me, have given to it, it is plainly the same pabulum which that author (in his "Edged Tools") has described as giving strength and activity to the gorilla. The improvement effected by the advertiser is the supplying it to the public in a liquid form.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE GOOD OF GRUB STREET

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Before making a little suggestion of my own, by way of improvement on M. Mallarmé's good plan for amending our copyright law, I should like to add my word of protest against all arrangements determined by the dictum that "there can be no property in ideas."

I know that a very good case can be made out for it by metaphysics, and that economists have often insisted on it with great unctiousness; their conclusion being that property in a book is a privilege allowed by charity or expedience, where ordinary proprietorial rights cannot be claimed. But if it be true, as I fancy it is, that there is no property of any sort that isn't the outcome of ideas and industry combined, I do not see how a book can be regarded as an exceptional thing. What is a book but a commodity produced by a combination of mental and physical labour?

If we look to the legal saying that all property is the creation of law, we see that it is certainly true; but the question remains, why in the particular case of a book should the ownership of its inventor and maker be treated as a privilege and not as a right? What in the nature of things, or what in the dictate of principle, compels us to distinguish against books, and only allow property in them as a temporary concession? Surely there is no such obligation! Ideas are intangible, of course; but what then? Books are a form of property readily identified and easily transferred; and, manifestly, the property right that is allowed for forty years, and that works both efficiently and smoothly during that period, might be permitted for four hundred without the least embarrassment to legal authority or administration.

Nevertheless, we all agree that there are particular reasons for denying to books the rights of ownership which are so carefully fastened on other things upon which thought and labour, life and time have been spent. Books must not be as other property for those who create them, because they have a singular value, and one unique quality which enlarges that value by endless multiplication. The public good demands that books, of all things made by man, should become common property after a time. And it happens that a book and a print are the only commodities that can be distributed as common property without being wasted to nothing by process of division. Every one of a million copies sold at a shilling each is as much the book as any one of fifty copies sold at five pounds. Twenty million individuals may have full possession of the whole property at the same time. And that is why we all agree that the limitation of private property in books is far too much of an advantage to the whole community to be foregone.

Very well. But these are not good reasons for bearing hardly on the makers of the commodity. Rather the other way. Yet authors are proverbially poor, and it often happens, under the present copyright law, that their children are deprived of all profit in their father's work while they are in absolute need. There is a pecuniary profit still, or the books would not continue to be reprinted. Who gets it? The publishers.

Considering these things, M. Mallarmé has proposed that publishers shall pay a royalty upon the sale of books the copyright of which has expired; these royalties to be used for the benefit of poor authors like those who are helped from the Literary Fund. It is a good suggestion, I think. But there are some who rail at it on the ground that "the interest of literature and the interest of authors are not synonymous terms"; and that honest men who want Scott's books cheap, Thackeray's books cheap, Dickens's books at the lowest figure, ought not to be called upon "to relieve the necessities of elderly persons whose works they never wished to read." There is something in that objection. The most eminent economists—Lord Farrer, for example—would probably call it decisive. But it does not apply to the children of a Scott, a Dickens, a Thackeray—supposing them to be in want. Thought should be taken for these. Most worshipful is the Public Good, but it should not be ministered to by public shame.

To meet this case it has been suggested that at the completion of the statutory period of copyright, the author or his representatives should have the power of claiming an extension of copyright for a stated time on payment of a fixed sum [to the Literary Fund], and that this arrangement should be continually renewable. There is obvious merit in this suggestion. Only it must not be forgotten that the copyright of most books, when it is about to expire, is out of the author's hands and in the hands of the booksellers. They are his representatives.

How would it do, then, to act upon this plan? Copyright to last as under the existing law, for forty years or for the lifetime of the author. At the expiration of the longer of these periods, the copyright becomes henceforth State property. It is then vested in the hands of two or three Commissioners—Copyright

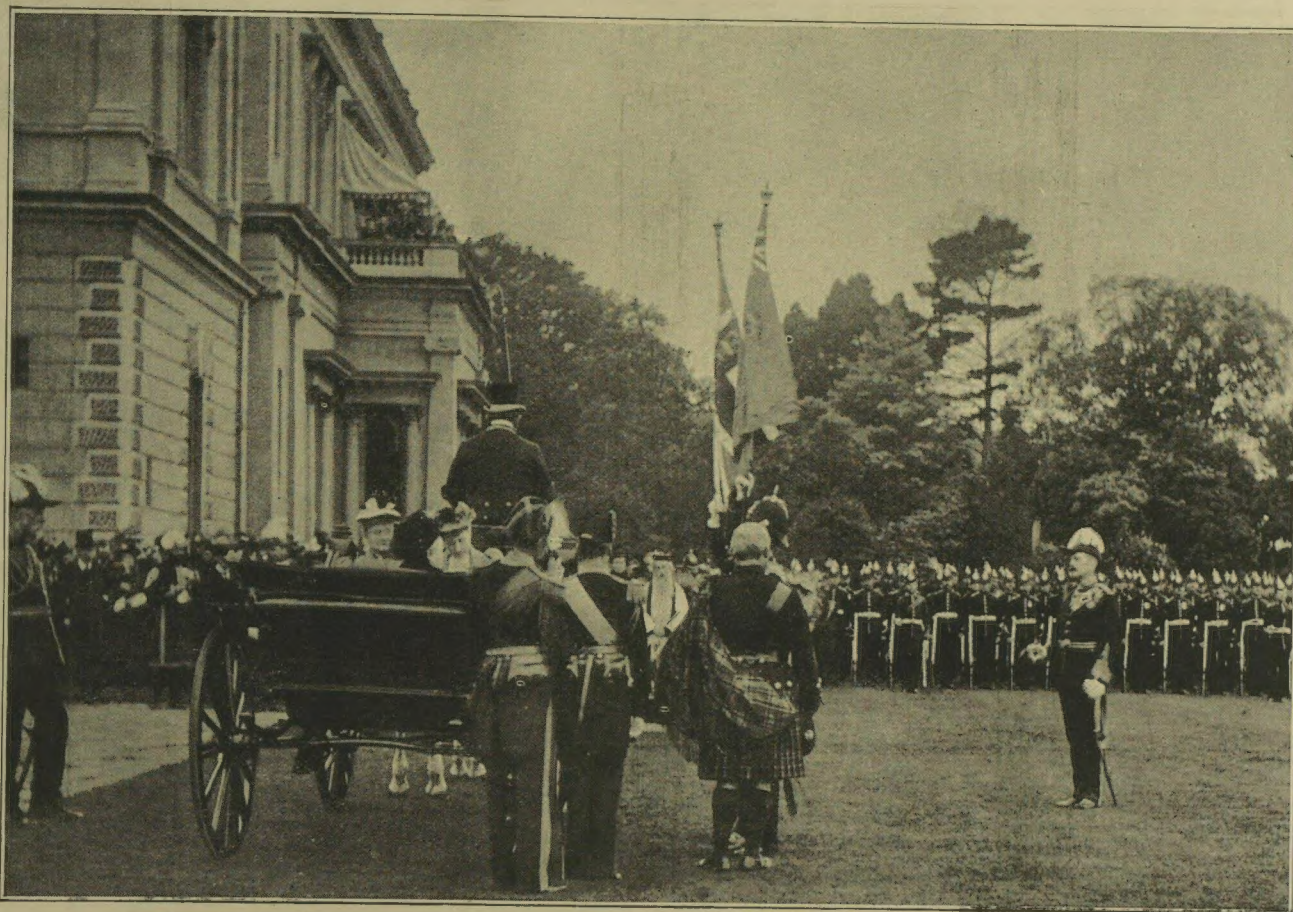
Commissioners. Their duties are governed by certain rules, the first of which requires them to ascertain, whenever a copyright falls into their possession, whether the author has left any near kindred; and, if so, whether these persons are poor or not. The question, what is poverty, will of course arise; but there should be little difficulty in settling it by a certain standard of income, with heavy penalties for fraud or concealment, as in the case of income-tax. Father, mother, wife, children and grandchildren should come into the scheme: grandchildren who may be orphaned young. Renewal of copyright for so many years might be, should be, granted to these poor folk; but only on condition that during that period one edition of the book or books should be on sale at what is called a popular price. No difficulty about that. It should not mean "Pickwick" for sixpence, but it might mean "Pickwick" for a shilling—the Commissioners to be satisfied with its production as equal to the average of such publications in point of paper and print. A fee to be paid on application for inquiry. In cases where no near kinsfolk of the author survive him, free reprinting; but a small fee to be paid by any bookseller who reprints. Fees to be applied to defray expenses of the Commission; any surplus to go to the Royal Literary Fund.

These, of course, are but the outlines of a suggestion which admits of a good deal of modification and filling in, but in the main it would do justice where justice is wanted.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL MARINES.

At Osborne House, on Wednesday, Aug. 22, her Majesty the Queen presented new colours to the troops of the Portsmouth Division of Royal Marine Light Infantry, under



THE QUEEN PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY AT OSBORNE.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

command of Lieut.-Colonel Phillips. They were drawn up in long file on the lawn in front of the new Indian Room wing of the mansion. The Queen, with Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duchess of Connaught, was in an open carriage drawn by a pair of grey horses with postillions. In a second carriage was her guest, the ex-Empress Eugénie, with Princess Beatrice. The Duke of York received her Majesty; the Marquis of Lorne, Earl Spencer, the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Lord Gort, General the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe, and General Sir Samuel Brown were among those present. The troops having saluted, the Queen drove along the line and returned. The ceremony of "trooping" the old colours was performed, Lieutenants Phillips and Whitmarsh being in charge of them. The new colours, brought forward by Lieutenants Pym and Crowther, were laid crosswise upon a drum. A brief consecration service was recited by the Rev. C. E. Yorke, the regimental chaplain, and a hymn was sung. The two lieutenants knelt to receive the colours presented by her Majesty, who said: "They carry on them the badge of my uncle, King George IV. and the motto defining your services by land and sea. I am confident they will always be safe and honoured in your keeping." Colonel Phillips thanked her Majesty for the honour she had kindly done to the regiment. After receiving a royal salute, the Queen retired into the house.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The conflict recently begun in Corea and in the Yellow Sea between such considerable military and naval Powers as the Chinese and Japanese Empires is of much importance. It is manifestly a struggle between the two rival East Asiatic nations—the one continental, the other insular—for paramount control of a peninsula geographically situated between them, hitherto left in a very backward state of civilisation. European opinion is scarcely called upon to decide the validity of the Chinese claim to imperial authority over Corea, or that of the Japanese to make their settlements in different parts of the country a pretext for compelling its King to adopt reforms of

domestic administration. They must be left to fight out this quarrel. The reader will desire to learn something of the actual condition of Corea, and to be furnished with correct estimates of the combatant forces, including the reserves, at the disposal respectively of China and Japan. For this, reference may be made to one of the new books just published; Mr. George Curzon's "Problems of the Far East, Japan, Korea, and China," already noticed. With regard to our Illustration of Chinese irregular troops marching up from the interior, it may be observed that Mr. Curzon describes two Chinese armies—namely, that of the Eight Banners, including the army corps of 37,000 men stationed in Manchuria, the northern province, and the Imperial Guard of Peking; contraband distinguished from the "Ying Ping" or territorial army, sometimes named "the Green Flags" or "the Five Camps," consisting of a militia, never yet properly organised for war, and of whom about one-third are usually called out, to which must be added certain mercenary troops raised in emergencies, and some Mongolian irregular cavalry. The amount of this territorial or "National" force really available for war is variously stated at from 170,000 to 250,000. To this force it must be supposed belong the irregular troops which appear in our Illustration. The only truly efficient portion of the Chinese army is the Black Flag, the Tientsin Corps, of 35,000 troops, drilled by European officers, equipped with modern breech-loading rifles, and with an artillery of Krupp guns, stationed at Tientsin, at the Taku and Peitang Forts on the Peiho, and at Port Arthur. The irregulars are undrilled, ignorant of bayonet and musketry practice, and their firearms are worthless; some carry ancient matchlocks, and some bows and arrows. On the other hand, Japan has a well-organised regular army of 75,000 men, with a reserve of 113,000, and a Landwehr of 80,000, "armed, equipped, and drilled

according to the highest standard of nineteenth century requirement, and moreover, economically and honestly administered." Colonel E. G. Barrow, who lately visited Japan, says, "The infantry are very good, better even than some European infantry I could name; the artillery good, or at least fair; the cavalry indifferent, as the Japanese are not an equestrian race, and their horses possess none of the charging qualities of speed or weight."

A COREAN MINISTER.

The Illustrations showing this dignified Minister of State in the city of Seoul, the capital of the Korean kingdom, borne upon an open litter through the streets to perform an official visit, and the banquet, prepared and served in the European style, with sufficient champagne, with which he regales the foreign resident diplomats, are supplied by photographs taken in 1887 by Colonel Chaillé Long, then United States Consul-General at Seoul. The Korean Minister of Foreign Affairs, at that time was Cho-Pyong-Sik, a courteous old gentleman of sixty-five, who hospitably entertained his guests at table, where during the first part of the dinner each sat between an interpreter and a female dancer, but the women retired when the eating was done, leaving the gentlemen, as in Europe, to their wine and talk. At a later hour they passed into the courtyard, to witness an exhibition of rope-dancing and a ballet performed by eight girls, who were not very pretty, but decorous, and slow in their movements, wearing ample skirts. The present Minister at the "Oi-a-mun," or Foreign Office, is not the same person. In 1891 it was Prince Ming-Yuen-Shao, to whom Captain A. E. J. Cavendish, author of one of the latest books of travel, had a letter of introduction from Ming-Yuen-Ik, his exiled brother at Hong-Kong.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S HOUSE.

The semi-classical and semi-suburban neighbourhood of St. John's Wood, where some notable literary men and artists have lived and laboured in the middle of the nineteenth century, removed from the bustle of social gaiety in the fashionable quarters of London, and separated by the green expanse of Regent's Park from the noisy traffic of the North-Western Railway, is doomed to suffer much disturbance by the construction of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire terminus for coal and other ponderous merchandise from the Midlands, and will soon present the same aspect as Chalk Farm. One memorial of its former serene and studious tranquillity is now about to disappear, which a quarter of a century ago was the home of a great painter, Sir Edwin Landseer. There he produced most of his best works; there the Queen and the Prince Consort visited his studio; and there he entertained many of his friends to the date of his death in 1873. It is said that a block of dwellings, built in "flats" will be erected on the site of this house and its garden.



THE COREAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

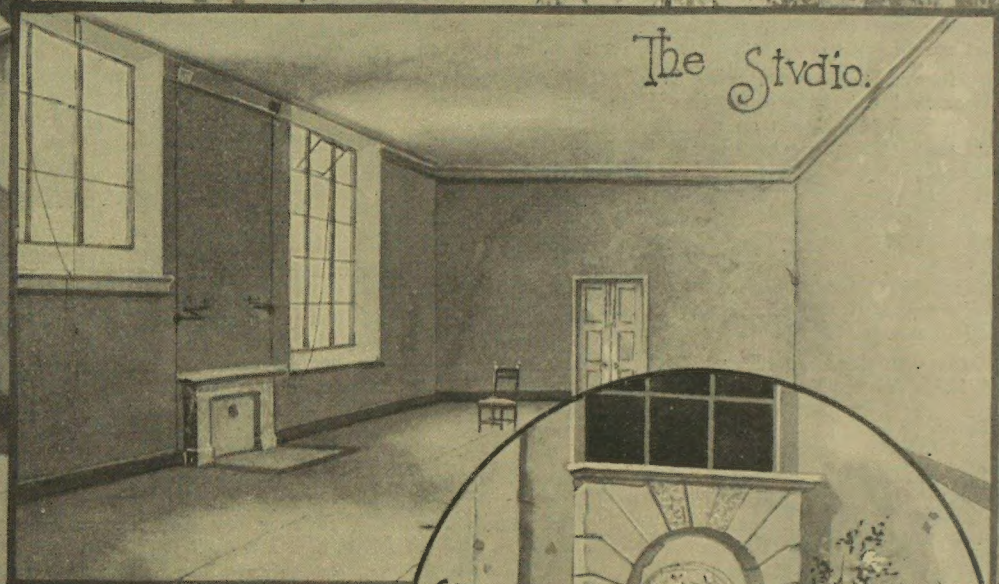


BANQUET GIVEN TO EUROPEAN DIPLOMATISTS BY THE COREAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

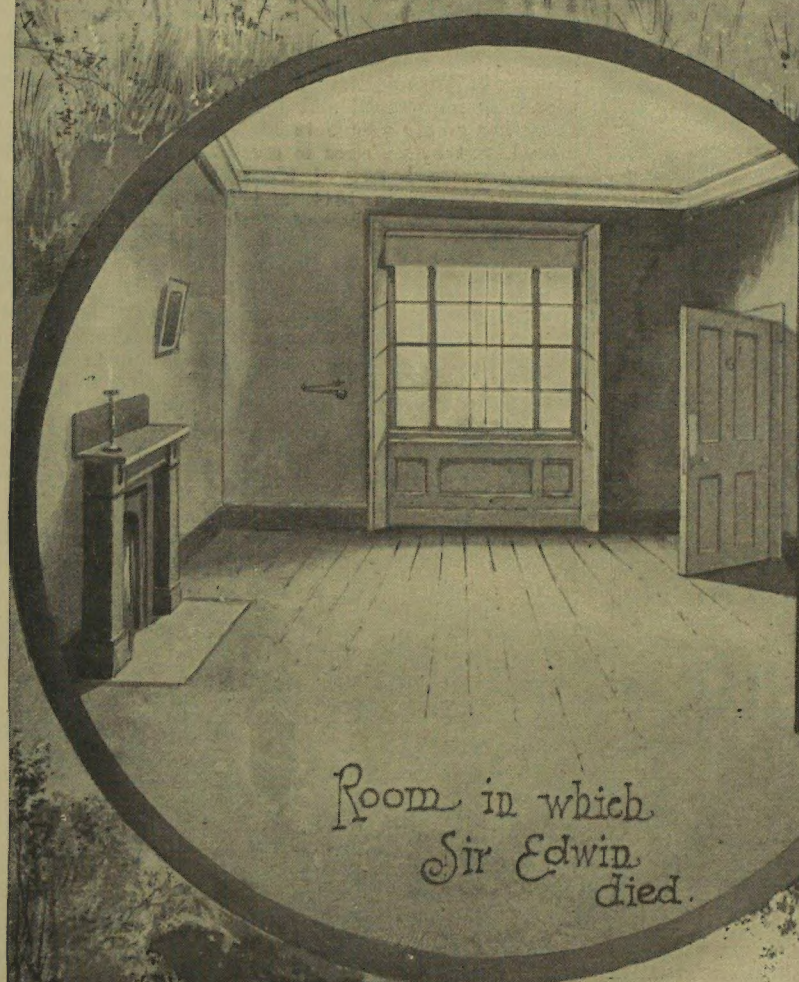
The House
Front elevation



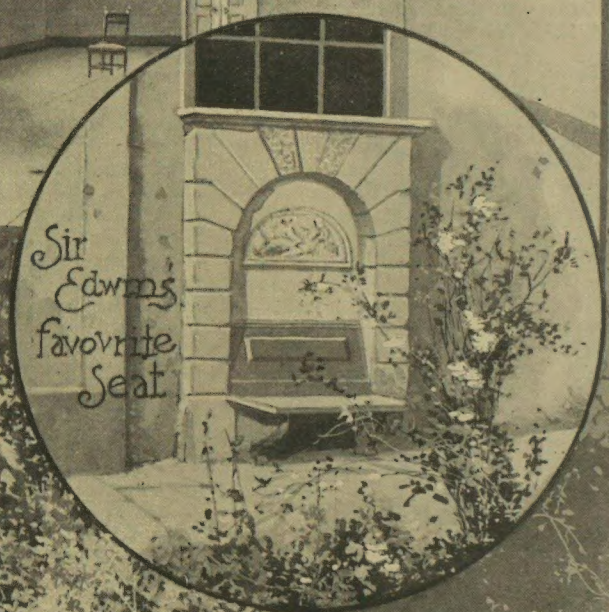
The Studio.



Room in which
Sir Edwin
died.

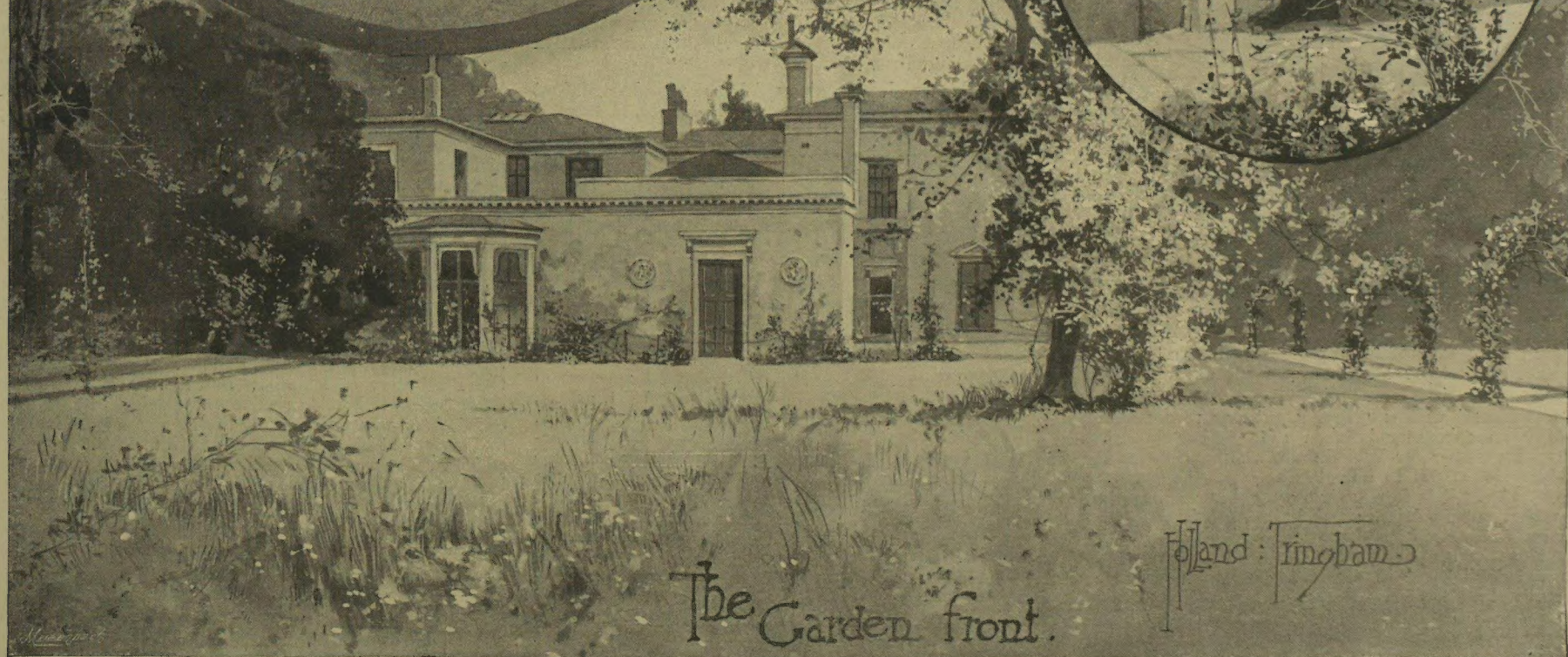


Sir
Edwin's
favourite
Seat.



The Garden front.

Holland Tinscham



PERSONAL.

The President-elect of the Institute of Journalists, Mr. Thomas Crosbie, proprietor and editor of the *Cork Examiner*, has been forty years connected with the Press. The *Cork Examiner* has been a nursery of distinguished journalists. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Mr. Justice O'Brien are only two among living celebrities who began their careers as reporters upon that paper. Mr. Crosbie started the first half-penny evening paper in the south of Ireland—the *Cork Echo*—and on Christmas Eve last he accomplished the feat of publishing, for a penny, the largest paper ever issued in Ireland. It consisted of 112 columns. Mr. Crosbie is an exceedingly genial man, a capital after-dinner speaker, and extremely popular among his journalistic brethren.

Lord Grimthorpe has come out as a defender of the rhymes in English hymns. Some audacious person had ventured to assert that "God" does not rhyme with "abroad" and "send" with "descend." Lord Grimthorpe confounds this adversary by declaring that, as Keble, Heber, Newman, and other illustrious writers of hymns used rhymes of this kind it is idle to pretend that they did not know their business. Perhaps this argument may be pushed too far. It might, for instance, be said that because Byron wrote of man at the end of the famous address to the ocean, "There let him lay," this defiance of ordinary grammar was quite justifiable. But Lord Grimthorpe's point is so characteristic of him that his admirers would not sacrifice it to any mere law of literature.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, who is at Carlsbad, will probably regard the failure of the Hyde Park demonstration against the Lords as an excellent joke. The demonstration was projected by a body calling itself the National League for the Abolition of the House of Lords. It came into being under Mr. Labouchere's special guardianship, but that will not prevent him from laughing at it. A smaller display of popular enthusiasm was never seen. Compared with the various "Labour" demonstrations of recent years it was absolutely insignificant; but that will appeal strongly to Mr. Labouchere's sense of humour.

A distinguished naval officer, Captain Alan Brodrick Thomas, C.B., has died at the age of fifty. He was, till lately, in command of H.M.S. *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, the training-ship for naval cadets. As a lieutenant, he served with the squadron in the Pacific Ocean. In 1878 he was promoted to be commander, and at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, in July 1882, was commander of H.M.S. *Alexandra*, under Captain (now Vice-Admiral) C. F. Hotham, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Seymour, now Lord Alcester. He was for some time on shore in Egypt with the Naval Brigade. In 1883 he returned to the Pacific as Commandant of the Naval Forces of Victoria, and held that position till 1889, when he superintended the fitting-out of the Colonial Defence cruisers. In 1889 he was given command of H.M.S. *Trafalgar*, and, with the flag of Rear-Admiral Lord Walter T. Kerr, proceeded to the Mediterranean. In September 1892 he was made captain of the *Britannia*.



Photo by Emale and Son, Dartmouth.

THE LATE CAPTAIN ALAN BRODRICK THOMAS.

"The Mace" writes: "Parliament was prorogued at last after an encounter between the Speaker and Mr. Little, the member for Whitehaven, who was stirred by the Appropriation Bill to a final flicker against the House of Lords. Mr. Little is usually a very equable man, and rarely takes part in debate; but his nature is profound, and it was moved to its depths by the formality which states that the supplies in the shape of salaries to the clerks and doorkeepers in the House of Lords had been 'cheerfully granted' by the Commons. Mr. Little explained to the Speaker that he was no party to this cheerfulness, and the Speaker explained to Mr. Little that he could not permit any discussion about the House of Lords on the second reading of the Appropriation Bill. Mr. Little, with the depths of his nature still upheaving, continued the conversation; indeed, such a protracted argument with the Speaker has rarely been heard, and I quite expected to find the member for Whitehaven ordered to the Clock Tower. However, the depths ceased to surge, and the

prorogation released the weary legislators from toil which had lasted with brief intervals for eighteen months."

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire is, in some respects, a more wonderful old man than Mr. Gladstone. He is ninety years old, in absolute possession of his faculties, and still a redoubtable worker. He is up every morning at six. The hour of rising used to be four, but he made it two hours later for the sake of his servants. He works all day, and can correct proof-sheets without spectacles. The secret of this longevity and vigour is constant labour. "If you want to live to be old, be always at work, and diligently. Do not listen to those who aspire to save money enough to rest. They are lazy bodies." Such is M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire's simple philosophy. Some of the "lazy bodies" will probably retort that they have not the smallest desire to be nonagenarians.

The cheapest King in Christendom has passed from the scene by the death of Tawhiao, the Maori King, which has just taken place after an attack of influenza. King Tawhiao's Civil List only totalled up to £215 a year! The late dusky and much tattooed potentate was a son of the first native King, Potatau (Te Whero Whero), and from 1860 to 1879 he assumed a hostile attitude towards the Government of New Zealand. In 1881, however, he voluntarily gave in his submission, and after a visit to Auckland in the following year, came to England in 1884, accompanied by Major Wiremu Te Whero. Lord Derby, the Colonial Secretary of that time, played the part of host, but Tawhiao was bitterly disappointed at not being received by the Queen, and his feelings towards this



THE LATE MAORI KING TAWHIAO.

country have never been cordial. Tawhiao's mother rejoiced in the unpleasantly suggestive name of Whakaawi, and his son's name is Orongokorkoca. The late King was about seventy years of age, but as Time had no chance of writing wrinkles upon his aged brow, owing to the previous operations of the tattooer, his Majesty looked "any age" when he was over here ten years ago. Of late years the King developed a taste for the tall black hat of civilisation, and became so devoted to it that he would even refuse to discard it when he took his afternoon nap. Tawhiao was not an unamiable man by nature, and that he was easily satisfied is proved by his acceptance of a perpetual pension of £4 6s. 6d. a week!

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who has become proprietor of the *Evening News and Post*, is one of the personal forces in English journalism. The success of *Answers* and its kindred enterprises is well known. By his new acquisition Mr. Harmsworth enters the field of politics, the *Evening News and Post* being the organ of the advanced section of the Conservative party in the Metropolis. Amid these adventures Mr. Harmsworth has time for science, and energy to fit out the expedition which Mr. Jackson has led towards the North Pole. If the day should ever come when the people will request a syndicate of newspaper proprietors to take charge of the entire public service, Mr. Harmsworth will not be found wanting.

The late Mr. John Quincy Adams, who has died at Boston, is noticeable. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, in turn, were American Ministers in London; and two of the elders were Presidents of the United States.

A deplorable sea-bathing accident, on the sands at Slapton, South Devon, has caused the death of Mr. J. J. Bickerton, Town Clerk of Oxford and a member of the University of Oxford, having taken his degree in 1876 at St. Mary's Hall. Mr. Bickerton had come out of the water and had begun to dress. A little child who was with him dropped a spade, which was carried away by the waves. Mr. Bickerton went in again to recover it, but got into a deep hole. He could swim, but was seized with cramp, and presently sank. He was drowned before help came to bring him to land.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

THE LATE MR. J. J. BICKERTON,
Town Clerk of Oxford.

The death, on Monday, of the Suffragan Bishop of Coventry, the Right Rev. Henry Bond Bowlby, D.D., is a great loss to the Church in the Midlands. He had been associated with the Diocese of Worcester ever since (with one short break) 1850. He was appointed to the important living of St. Philip's, Birmingham, in 1875; and when the present Bishop of Worcester found that there was but little hope of establishing a separate Bishopric for Birmingham he did the next best thing in appointing Dr. Bowlby as his Suffragan Bishop, for he was held in high esteem not only in the chief city but all through the diocese. The parish of St. Philip's has only a small resident population, its pastoral care is easily provided for, and, the income being large, it was comparatively easy to arrange matters. Bishop Bowlby, while not in any way neglecting his own parish, threw himself heart and soul into the work of the diocese. His kind, courteous, and genial manner quickly won all hearts; the clergy found in him a warm-hearted and sympathetic friend; and the laity of all classes—from the poor factory hand earning but a few shillings a week and dwelling in the slums, to the merchant prince—rejoiced over his ministrations. He was often heard in the pulpits of the poor parishes of Birmingham; his confirmation addresses were peculiarly impressive, and he had the happy knack of attracting young people to his side. He will be much missed, but by no class so much as by the poor. Bishop Bowlby was a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. He took his degree in 1844, and four years later he was ordained by the Bishop of Durham. In 1850, however, he entered the diocese of Worcester as Vicar of Oldbury, a mining parish with many difficulties, but he was most successful in attaching the people to the Church. After eighteen years' devoted labour there, he removed to the much more genial parish of Dartford in Kent, where he worked for seven years, but in 1875 he returned to the Midlands as Rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham. The deceased Bishop had a very striking and handsome personality, and his figure was a familiar and much respected one in all parts of Birmingham. He was consecrated at St. Paul's Cathedral on Michaelmas Day, 1891.

The Chinese irregular soldiery, now being hastily gathered to take part in the war against the Japanese in Corea, are described as a rude and low class of local militia, utterly ignorant of discipline, and it is not surprising that outrages have been perpetrated on their road from distant provinces. A gang of these "braves," prompted by vulgar insolence and fanaticism, has attacked and mortally ill-treated, at Liao-yang,

to the north of New-Chwang, in Manchuria, a Scottish Presbyterian missionary minister, causing his death. The Rev. James Allan Wylie, who was thirty years of age, and was unmarried, was a native of Hamilton, and was educated at Glasgow University and at the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church; he also had some medical training. In the summer of 1886 he was engaged in mission work in the North-West Territory of Canada. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Hamilton on Nov. 30, 1886. Having offered to go to Manchuria, he was appointed by the Board of Missions, was ordained by the Presbytery of Hamilton, and arrived at New-Chwang on April 6, 1888. It may be added that he was threatened, in May and June this year, by some natives of Liao-yang, where he resided, who objected to have the gospel preached or the New Testament sold in their village.

Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke have begun a tour with "The Profligate" at the Grand Theatre, Islington, which by a legal fiction is, for theatrical purposes, in the provinces. There was an immense house on the first night, and Mr. Pinero's powerful play was received with great enthusiasm. In comparison with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," this earlier essay of Mr. Pinero's in tragedy seems a little threadbare now, and of the stage stogy; but it has some deeply impressive moments, in which Mr. Forbes Robertson's acting carries his audience away. Miss Rorke plays the profligate's wife with fine intensity, and Miss May Harvey's Janet Preece is most natural and moving.



Photo by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.

THE LATE REV. JAMES ALLAN WYLIE,
Scotch Missionary, Murdered in China.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 28, left her residence in the Isle of Wight for Balmoral Castle, Deeside, where she arrived in the afternoon of next day.

The Prince of Wales has been staying at Homburg, but on Tuesday, Aug. 28, went to Baden on a visit to the Grand Duke, upon the occasion of the Baden races.

The Princess of Wales, at the end of her visit, with her daughters, to the Russian imperial family, goes to visit her royal parents at Copenhagen, arriving there on Saturday, Sept. 1, where she meets her brother, the King of Greece.

The Duke and Duchess of York return from Switzerland on Friday, Aug. 31. On Sept. 8 they visit Birmingham, and proceed to Scotland, to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

The session of Parliament was prorogued on Saturday, Aug. 25; the Queen's Speech, read by the Lord Chancellor, noticed the birth of an heir, in the third generation, to the throne, "an event not only propitious, but unprecedented in the history of this country."

The Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, arrived in Paris on Saturday evening, Aug. 25, but returned on the Tuesday, and has gone to his seat at Dalmeny.

On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 26, a demonstration against the House of Lords took place in Hyde Park, with a procession from the Thames Embankment. Those who actively took part in it numbered only a few thousands. There was speaking at six platforms, the orators being Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., Mr. G. W. Foote, Mr. Naoroji, and Dr. Tanner, M.P. A resolution was carried at each platform expressing regret that the Government had been unable to give any definite pledge with regard to the House of Lords; calling upon it to take immediate steps to abolish that "mischievous and useless" hereditary Chamber; and urging electors to refuse to support any candidate not pledged to support such action.

In Ireland, on Sunday, Aug. 26, an open-air meeting was held at Cork, the Mayor presiding, to demand the immediate release of all Irish political prisoners. On the way to this meeting an assault was made on some Evangelical street-preachers, who were kicked and beaten.

The Royal County Theatre at Reading was destroyed by fire on Saturday, Aug. 25. It belonged to Mr. Elliot Galer, of the Theatre Royal, Leicester, and stood on the site of the old theatre, burnt down twenty-four years ago.

At the Weymouth Regatta, on Aug. 25, the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* was defeated by the *Satanita* in the race for the Queen's Cup.

Mr. Passmore Edwards, the munificent founder of many useful and benevolent institutions, in different places, on Aug. 25 laid the foundation-stone of a new cottage hospital in Bounds Green Road, Wood Green, having undertaken to pay the entire cost of the building, amounting to £2000, on condition that the site should be purchased and the proper maintenance guaranteed by voluntary and local effort.

There being two vacancies for the representation of the city of Leicester in the House of Commons, the nominations were held jointly, contrary to the legal opinion of Sir Henry James, on Monday, Aug. 27, when Mr. Rolleston was proposed as the Unionist candidate, Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Hazell as Gladstonian candidates, and Mr. Burgess as the Labour candidate; Wednesday, Aug. 29, was the polling day.

The Derbyshire miners held a meeting of 10,000 men at Chesterfield, on Aug. 27, and passed resolutions demanding an eight-hours labour limitation law and condemning the alterations made by the House of Lords in the Employers' Liability Bill.

A conference took place at Glasgow, on Aug. 25, between the delegates of Scotch miners, on strike for nine weeks past, and two deputies of the British Miners' Federation. These came to recommend the Scottish miners to

accept a reduction of 6l. per day from their former wages (in place of the reduction of 1s. threatened by the masters), with the understanding that this be the minimum wage for two years. The conference decided that the miners should be balloted on the question. The Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation have decided that unless the Scotch miners accepted this recommendation, the weekly levy on their behalf should be discontinued.

The receipts of the London City Corporation last year were £729,709, and the expenditure was £717,029, leaving a balance of £12,880.

The Manchester Ship Canal report of the directors for the half-year ending June 30 states that the receipts amounted to £40,123, and were derived from 261,000 tons of sea-going and 109,000 tons of barge traffic.

The British East Africa Company has addressed the Foreign Office, urging an immediate settlement of its demands on the Government. They are willing that their claim should be submitted to arbitration, or, if that were held to be inadmissible, they would accept £300,000 for their concession, telegraph line, railway material, piers, Customs buildings, outlays on treaty making and exploring, and the acquisition and holding for two years of Uganda, plus moderate land grants and bank concessions. Alternatively, and even preferably, they would consider Lord Brassey's proposal of an annuity of 2 per cent. per annum,

The Inter-State Commerce Commission in Washington has published a return showing the number of railways in the United States. It appears that there are 1890 companies, working 176,461 miles of railway, employing 873,602 persons of all grades. These railways carried, in 1893, 593,560,612 passengers and 745,119,482 tons of freight. The appliances included 34,783 locomotives, 31,384 passenger cars, and 1,047,577 freight cars. The transportation service alone employed about 400,000 men. Every passenger engine drew in the year, on the average, 66,268 passengers, and each freight engine 40,062 tons. The expenses of working the railways amounted to 827,921,299 dols., and the capital invested is 10,500,000,000 dols.

It has been officially announced in Japan that the King of Corea, on June 30, declared himself independent of China, and afterwards appealed to the Japanese to assist him in driving the Chinese contingent from Asan.

We have a Chinese account of the recent defeat of the Japanese by the Chinese near Ping Yang, to the north-west of Seoul. It appears that on Aug. 18 Japanese transports, protected by war-vessels, arrived in Ping Yang Inlet, the estuary of the Taitong, on the north-west coast of Corea, thirty-five miles up which river the town of Ping Yang is situated. The transports landed Japanese troops, who started through the valley of the Taitong, in the direction of Ping Yang. They were suddenly attacked by a

thousand Chinese cavalry, who succeeded in dividing the column into two parts. The Chinese artillery, well placed on an eminence, opened fire upon the Japanese, who were thrown into complete disorder and fled to the seashore, where they came within the shelter of the guns of their war-vessels. No mention is made, in this account, of the retreat of the Japanese upon Chungho, to the south of Ping Yang. It would seem that Chungho is in the possession of the Chinese, for a telegram from Ping Yang is reported to have been received, stating that the Chinese troops at Chungho were reinforced between Aug. 18 and Aug. 23, by the arrival of fresh detachments amounting altogether to 10,000 men, and the strength of the Chinese army was thus brought up to 34,000. The dispatch added that it was decided that an attack should be made upon the main Japanese force obstructing the Chinese advance upon Seoul. The Japanese were holding a pass, eight miles south of Chungho; but it is now

reported that the Chinese, aided by 5000 Koreans, have driven them, with heavy loss, to Kai-Song, forty miles north of Seoul. On the other hand, there are rumours of a Japanese landing on the coast of China, north of the Taku forts which guard the entrance to the Peiho River and the road to Peking.

A Chinese imperial edict has been issued in regard to the recent outrages on missionaries. It condemns the responsible officers, and orders the decapitation of the actual criminals, the rebuilding of the chapels at the expense of the inhabitants, and the liberal compensation of the relatives of the victims.

From Blewfields, on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, we have reports of the arrest by the Nicaraguans of Mr. Wiltbanks, an American subject, as well as of Mr. Hatch, the British Vice-Consul, and Mr. Brown, another Englishman, charged with nothing except having acted as members of the administrative staff of Prince Clarence after Cabeza's flight, when Blewfields was left without a Government. In the meantime the foreigners at Blewfields were in a state of great consternation. Mr. Hatch and the other English and United States citizens have been released.



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE DIRECTOR OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, WAR DEPARTMENT. (PUBLISHED BY MR. E. STANFORD.)

charged, in the first place, on local revenues, but guaranteed by the Imperial Government, on the amount they had expended, the Government taking over all their assets, without reservation. The Company has resolved to divide its capital into £1 shares.

Ernest Hassberger, a Dundee merchant, pleaded guilty at the Dundee Sheriff Court to a charge of forging bills to the extent of £112,000. He was remitted to the High Court, and sentenced to eight years' penal servitude.

There is no news of any events of political importance on the Continent of Europe. In France, on Aug. 24, M. Huisset, secretary to the Army Commissariat department, was assassinated at Menton, being shot in the back while walking through the street at night.

In the United States of America, the new Tariff Bill, as altered by the Senate, became law on Tuesday night, Aug. 27, without receiving the President's signature, as he did not exercise his veto, and ten days had elapsed since the passing of the Bill. It is expected that in the next session efforts will be made to reduce the Protectionist duties on sugar.

Some remarkable experiments have been made at Sandy Hook, New York, with the pneumatic dynamite gun. It can fire ten shots in fifteen minutes. The other conditions imposed have nearly all been fulfilled. The most important of these were that it should be able to project a shell containing 500 lb. of high explosive to a range of 2000 yards, one containing 200 lb. to a range of 3550 yards, one containing 100 lb. to a range of 4500 yards, and one containing 50 lb. to a range of 5500 yards.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

Thick Edition	3d.
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Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.



CHEFOO, THE PRINCIPAL CHINESE PORT ON THE YELLOW SEA.

From a Drawing by Mr. W. Simpson.



A COUNTRY ROADSIDE SCENE IN JAPAN.

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BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &C.

CHAPTER XII.

September was creeping into the autumn. The darkness gathered more and more into the nights, and the days were growing chilly.

"What a happy summer it has been!" Katherine said to herself with a long sigh as she watched the sunset. "If it would only never come to an end! I wonder if the Mummy dreams how happy she has made me?" But it was of Jim she thought. The whole world had changed since he came, and a sense of quick life that sometimes made her stand still for joy was in her heart. He and she remembered so much now—books they had read and sketches they had made, long saunterings in the sunshine and the twilight, and talks of many things

in which each listened eagerly to hear the other's view concerning them.

But the summer was nearly over.

"We ought to be getting to the plains," Jim said to his mother one night while they sat over the wood fire. Katherine was not with them then. It had seemed lately as if she preferred to spend her evenings alone. He looked at the clock once or twice, and towards the door as a footstep came along the corridor; but he turned away when it passed on. "I wonder what Kathy is doing?" he said at last.

"I think she likes to go and see Miss Bennett."

"I daresay; it appears to me that there's very little goodness of which she isn't capable. I've been studying her all

these weeks, Mummy, and have come to the conclusion that she is a very remarkable person."

"I shall be sorry to go home without her."

"Take her with you."

"She won't go, my son; I have often asked her."

"I expect the Ogre bullied her. Mother, should you be glad if she cared for me?"

"Do you mean if she would marry you, Jim?"

"Yes, I mean that. I don't believe she would; for, though she seems to like being with me, she has never given me a word of encouragement all the time. I have grown fond of her," he said in a low voice, and stooped to kiss his mother. "I never cared for any other woman in



The door opened and Katherine walked in. "There's a new novel left behind by the young men who came up yesterday and went down to-day, and here it is: I stole it for the Mummy."

my life, and I don't feel as if I could face going back to Lahore without her."

Just for one moment the old lady sat silent; had not her son loved her best all his life? Even though she had wished it, a little dismay came into her heart when she realised that someone else had taken possession of him, but she swept it away.

"I am very glad," she answered lovingly. "She is the sweetest girl I have ever met. I have often compared her with the underbred and over-educated young women we are always meeting nowadays."

"That's rather severe," he laughed. "But you are a dear mother. I say, if she won't go to England couldn't we go on somewhere else and take her with us? Not to an hotel, for I always feel like a tame cat after a week in one; or else the women who sit and purr to each other, and the men who play draughts in the evening make me feel pleasantly murderous. Let us take a villa to ourselves somewhere, with a garden for you to walk in, and not on the top of a confounded mountain—I beg your pardon, Mummy, but, you see, I can't do any climbing now—some place where we could drive about a bit, or perhaps she and I could ride."

"You had better speak to her first."

"Not too soon," he said, shaking his head; "she's been a little hold-offish lately, I'm afraid to rush it."

"Shall I try and find out?"

"No, a man likes to try his own luck. We are going out in the morning to make a sketch from the top—to present to Miss Bennett. She said she hated photographs. Perhaps something will come of it; but don't ask me. I will tell you when there is anything to tell."

The door opened and Katherine walked in. "May I come?" she asked. "They are playing Consequences downstairs, and I am tired. There's a new novel left behind by the young men who came up yesterday and went down to-day, and here it is: I stole it for the Mummy."

"I like to hear you call me that, dear," Mrs. Alford said, looking up with a smile. The colour came to Katherine's face, but she went on as though she had not heard.

"Miss Bennett is very angry because she was asked to write her confessions in somebody's book, and she put down that her idea of happiness was silence, and the very young man, who is, I think, a student, said that he didn't believe it."

"Miss Bennett was having a row with the landlord this morning," Jim said. "I heard him remark as I entered the bureau, 'Unless that is done, Mademoiselle, we will consider that you leave on Saturday.'"

"Perhaps it is because she has not paid her bill. I am certain she is poor, and she is going to die," Katherine said, dismaying. "I don't mean yet—I mean that she will never get well. She is in a consumption; the doctor downstairs told me that. He said she was hanging on to life in the strange manner that people do sometimes, long after its joy had ceased. And she is poor: she betrays it in her face and her shrinking tones, and the things she denies herself. It seems as if death and poverty were trying which could gain upon her first."

"Couldn't we get some money to her? It must be an awful thing to be dying and stranded."

"Oh, I wish we could! But she is sensitive. It would be so difficult to manage."

"Oh—well; we will see. Are we going to do our sketch in the morning?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"Shall we?" and she looked at Mrs. Alford.

"Yes, my love," the old lady said, and took the girl's hands and drew her face down and kissed it, and whispered, "I want you to go with him."

Katherine drew back abruptly. "Alice and I used to go out sketching long ago at Shooter's Hill," she said.

"As if you were sisters," the old lady said eagerly.

"Then Jim would be my brother."

"Oh, no, sister to Alice would make me your brother-in-law, which is better. Sisters bully their brothers, you know," he added quickly. "I say, did you put down your confessions?" he asked, merely for the sake of saying something. "I wonder what your idea of happiness would be?"

"Freedom. It is the most blessed of all things."

"There is a good deal of nonsense talked about it," he said shortly; "it depends upon what you mean by Freedom. Explain, Mademoiselle."

"I can't," she answered. "I am tired and must go. Good-night," and with a kiss to the old lady and a look to him, she went slowly from the room.

He looked after her for a moment. "You women are strange beings, Mummy dear," he said in a puzzled tone. "But it is getting late, let us separate also. I have some letters to write, and the post goes early."

"Good-night, my son."

"Now then," he said when he was alone, "let us see what can be done for Miss Bennett." He looked up between the lines of his letter of instruction to England to think about Katherine. "I can't make her out," he said once or twice; "she is not a bit of a flirt, and if I'm not an ass, she has sometimes looked as if she cared about me; but she has a manner that makes her absolutely unapproachable. There's a curious mixture of simplicity and dignity about her that I expect takes a more experienced hand than mine to manage."

But Katherine, standing before the open window in her room, was quite content. "I am so happy," she said to herself; "so perfectly happy—only I want it never to come to an end. That is impossible," she sighed; "so I must be thankful to have known him and loved him, for I do love him with all my heart. I don't care what it costs me, or what I have to suffer for it by and by. If the pain is mine, so is the love, and so will be the remembrance. It can never make any difference to him, he will never know and his mother will never know. Oh, it can't be wrong," she cried, "he shall never, never know—it can't be wrong!" She stopped before

the volume of Browning, and, opening it at random, read as if in answer to her thoughts—

Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above!
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?

"I wonder if he cares for me at all; but that doesn't matter, it can make no difference—I have to go my way and he to go his, and nothing could make any difference." A flood of memories overwhelmed her. "Oh, how could Uncle Robert do it—how could he be so cruel! For I did not understand—but after all, it was but the way that led to this, and to think that makes me even thankful for all I went through at Montague Place. I'm glad—glad—glad," she added, with a long sigh. "Jim has no need of me, that is one comfort; he will forget me as soon as I go, and while she has him his mother does not need me. It is only Miss Bennett who needs me, if anyone does." She put out the light and went to the window again; she wanted, with her great happiness, to look out at the world and up at the sky and into space, not to keep it in a narrow room. "Why do people die for love, and why are they so miserable about it, I wonder? To know a man like Jim, and to love him, is surely enough to live for and be thankful. I shall be better all my life because of these days, no matter what comes after them. There is midnight as well as noon, and we must take both in our twenty-four hours; it seems such folly to grieve in the night when one might lie still and think of the day and the happiness it brought one. That is what I shall do when I live alone in my little Italian place. I shall think of him and try to do all the good I can, if I am capable of any, just as a thank-offering for these dear days in which I have been so happy."

There was no going out the next morning. It was windy and rainy; a thunderstorm was coming over from Italy, and the firs were wrapped in a heavy mist. "We must do our sketch another day," Katherine thought, looking disconsolately from the window on the staircase. The landlord's daughter came out of Miss Bennett's room; she hesitated and stopped.

"Miss Kerr," she said, "can I speak to you?" and she opened the door of an empty room. "I ought not to tell you, but I know you are a friend of Miss Bennett's, and perhaps you will not tell anyone that I have spoken to you. She has not paid us for some time; it is not much, for she looked so ill when she came that my father was sorry and said as little as he could, but she has not paid anything for weeks. I think my father would forgive her altogether, for he feels that she is poor, and he is sorry for her; but she is so haughty, so bitter, and to-day she treated him with such scorn that he has declared she shall not stay any longer. I thought I would speak to her myself without his knowledge, but she is unbearable, and told me to leave the room."

"Let me pay her bill."

"Oh, no! certainly not; but if you could say something to her and make her a little more polite."

"It is very difficult. I will try, but I would not hurt her for the world. Be good to her—I know you will. She is going to die," Katherine said gently. She heard Miss Bennett coughing uneasily as she passed her door, and went in as if to soothe her. "I am so sorry," she said; "the rain and mist are bad for you."

"It doesn't matter. I am tired of waiting first for one thing and then for another. Now it is for the sunshine." Her face was very weary.

"You will be better when it comes," Katherine said, and stroked the thin, badly shaped hands.

"I don't want to be better. I shall be glad enough to die. Life is too difficult to manage."

"It is very difficult," Katherine answered. "I think that we ought to share things more than we do. If the people who have happiness, for instance, would set about giving some to the people who have none; if the people who were strong could take those who are weak to places where they would get well; if every strong man carried a weak woman—Oh! I am talking nonsense."

"I have nothing to share," Miss Bennett said grimly.

"I have been thinking of something that you could do for me," Katherine said, a happy thought striking her, "and it has come out of this philosophy. I am all by myself in the world, and I am very strong and happy, and have money: I want you to share all my things, my happiness and strength and loneliness. I have no one to take care of, if you would let me take care of you? I would take you away to a little warm place in Italy, and you should get strong again. I should like to begin at once," she added, "though we needn't go away from here directly."

Miss Bennett looked up quickly: "I suppose they have told you that my bill is not paid—or you heard me speaking about it in the bureau yesterday. It is not convenient to me to pay it just now."

"Let me pay it. I have plenty; and if by and by you have plenty and I have none you can do the same for me; that is what I am trying to propose—that we share things, you and I, for we are both alone in the world."

"I don't want it, thank you," Miss Bennett answered, in her usual ungracious manner. "I have written to England. They can wait for their bill; I don't care if it isn't paid at all: they make enough by the English; let them lose a little."

"Oh, but that would be so unpleasant for you!"

"Well," Miss Bennett said, looking up, "what then? I don't want to take a friendly leave of the world. I should be sorry to go if I found it too pleasant. It is better to feel a satisfaction in dying than a regret."

"In dying?" Katherine said sadly.

"I know what is before me well enough." She took her left hand away from Katherine and stroked it with the right one, looking curiously the while at its transparency. "I know what is before me. What does it matter? I have lived, and am going to die. Why do people make so much fuss about it? Life is a great deal of trouble."

"I wonder why you are so bitter."

"Things went badly with me when I was young, and I have never forgiven the people who made them so."

"Don't you think you might now," Katherine pleaded.

Miss Bennett shook her head. "I was never able to forgive. Only God can do that, and even He needs reparation. I don't understand forgiveness among people who live a little while and then die. No forgiveness will undo a thing that is done, or unbury the years that were ruined. My youth was ruined by harshness and selfishness. It was done to make me suffer, I suppose. I want to make others worse for it sometimes; I feel as if I had a grudge against the world and everyone who lives in it. I can't help it; you mustn't think I am not grateful to you."

Katherine stooped and kissed her, and felt that now she understood love's use and its divinity.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some news came for the Alford that obliged them to give up any idea of a villa abroad, so they arranged to stay at Generoso till the end of September, by which time, indeed, seeing that neither of them was strong, it would be necessary to descend, even though the hotel remained open. They meant to stay a week in Milan, at the Cavour, and then journey home. Jim reconciled himself by thinking that the bracing air of England would do him good and fit him for a long spell of service at Lahore.

"Are you going to live there all your life?" Katherine asked.

"I expect so," he answered; "till I am sixty, at any rate, and pensioned off like a respectable old buffer."

"And when are you going back?"

"In January. Meanwhile there is the Mummy's house at Chilworth to see. She built it for herself while I was away."

"A red brick house standing alone," Mrs. Alford said, "near a wood. I wish you could come and stay there?" But Katherine shook her head ruefully, for she felt this summer holiday was indeed coming to an end—less than another fortnight and it would be over.

Another fortnight! And then she would never see him again. She had to go on into the world alone for the rest of her days. "But I don't care yet," she said to herself; "while there is another fortnight, how can I trouble about what is to come after?" So youth and its temperament conquered, and as the clouds lifted from the mountain the fear at her heart lifted too, and as the sun came out it brought her promises and intoxicated her with happiness and love. To look out across Italy or down at the firs, to watch for the morning-postman, his leather bag slung across his shoulder as he appeared on the little turnings of the upward path visible from her window, to see the strangers coming and going, and all the time to feel her heart brim over with life; what joy it was—how could she think about the future?

A glorious morning at last, still and warm. Katherine and Jim Alford went out to make their sketch for Miss Bennett. He was silent with doubt and anxiety, for he was desperately in love with the girl beside him. There was something almost unreal about her to him. She had come from nowhere, she had no past, no pleasant memories to talk about. All he knew was that Alice had known her for a little while at school, that she had an uncle in Australia, and no home in the world. She was here by a chance, as though she had dropped from the clouds, and she was going—only Heaven knew whither. He felt sometimes as if she were in reality the waif she called herself just passing by. He wanted to stop her, to hold her fast, to take her back to Lahore and give her all the things of which as yet she seemed to know nothing; and to feel that her aloneness had made her doubly his. Meanwhile they walked on with the camp-stools and the sketching things. She was silent, too, but it was from sheer contentment that did not need words, not even his words, to make it better; and if she thought beyond the moment, why, the simple philosophy of the last few days comforted her. The sun was shining and the sky was blue, all about them Nature was at her best; beside her walked the man she loved. If she was no longer an unsophisticated girl in some things—for marriage even such as hers could hardly leave her that—love was altogether an ideal thing to her, and absolutely pure and unselfish. She was glad to love him, glad that he lived in the world, and exultant that that sweet summer morning had thrown them together for a few hours alone on the mountain-top away from everyone beyond. And when they went back to the hotel, there would be his mother, whom she loved too, and there were still some days to come. Even when she had to leave these dear people, she would take with her the remembrance of the wonderful time spent with them, the knowledge that they had liked having her with them, and she would love them just the same always as long as her life went on. She looked up at him: there were tears in her eyes, and he saw them.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"No. It is only that it is all so beautiful, and I am happy, and wish it could go on always."

"Why shouldn't it?"

"All things must come to an end, or there could be no beginnings."

"That's a paradox or philosophy or something; you didn't pull it off very well." She laughed away her tears.

"It is so difficult to make jokes unless you are used to it—nothing could be better than this point for Miss Bennett's sketch. Let us get to work."

They sat down and put their blocks on their knees, opened their little boxes of colours and the covered cup of water, and worked for at least half an hour.

"Well?" he said at last.

"I think we are getting on beautifully."

"So do I—going at it hard. Perhaps they will put us in the Royal Academy next year."

"Or the Luxembourg." Another half-hour.

"Mustn't be too ambitious—a woman always is though

"I'm tired of industry," he said, and putting away his colours, stood for a few minutes looking over her shoulder till she, too, gave up work. Then she turned round on her stool and waited as if for him to speak. He took it as an encouragement, and gathered courage. "I wish you would come back to England." But she shook her head. "Why not? Do you know," he went on gently, "I think sometimes that you had a very bad time when you were a child. Did they bully you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose I was properly brought up and it was good for me. I had no other children to play with," she added, for she did not like to think unkindly of Uncle Robert. "Perhaps that had something to do with my not being happy; and Jim," she looked up at him with almost an entreaty in her eyes, "I don't want to go back to England; don't let the Mummy ask me any more——"

"I wish you would come with us; we would try to make you happy, Kathy," and he sat down on the ground by her camp-stool.

"I can't": something in her heart warned her that the conversation was becoming dangerous. "I want to spend the winter in Italy."

"And alone?" She nodded her head, and looked away into the distance they had been sketching. "But Katharine," and he put his hand on hers. She started as if she were afraid, for he was looking at her eagerly. "Don't be angry," he said in a low voice as she tried to get up. "I was only going to say that it is rather odd, you know, for a girl to be abroad alone, staying about by herself all the winter."

"Mrs. Carter at the hotel is all alone; she is not much older than I am."

"She is a married woman. Besides, we want you with us." She tried to laugh away her embarrassment.

"I can take care of myself," she said. "Come, let us walk on. Alice said you were very strait-laced; but I won't do anything wrong, though I am alone. I wouldn't for the world," she added, as they gathered up their things. There was not a soul within sound, even the hotel, a little way below them, was hidden from sight. They could see nothing but the sky-line of the mountain range. They walked on for a few minutes before he answered.

"I don't believe you would. I don't think you would know how. Will you be glad when we are gone?"

"Glad! Why should I be that, when this is the happiest time of all my life?" The tears came into her eyes again; but she turned away so that he should not know.

"And of mine," he said, and put his arm on her shoulder, and drew her a little way towards him and looked at her face. "Yes, let us stop a minute," he went on in a tone that would not be resisted. "Look here, we might lean against this rock if you do not want to lean against me—and the happiest time of my life too, Kathy. I am so afraid to speak to you, my darling, you have known me such a little while, and perhaps you think I am just a ruffian, but I love you and want you to stay with me, and to belong to us for ever." She trembled with fright, but she could not keep the happiness out of her heart nor out of her eyes, and he saw it there. "I want you to come back with the Mummy and me, my darling. She loves you, and I love you, my sweet one—I love you better than anyone in all the world." She tried to turn away from him, but perhaps she managed badly, for somehow her head went on his shoulder and he stooped and kissed her hair; and she forgot to

consider whether it was right or wrong—only for a moment. Then she remembered.

"You mustn't—you mustn't!"

"Yes, I must," he whispered back, for he felt that she loved him and was satisfied. The rest was only a matter of persuasion. "I must, because I love you and want to keep you all my life. Do you think you could endure it, Kathy?" and he kissed her hair again, and tried to raise her face to his. "Could you marry me and go back to India with me?"

"Oh, no, no!" she said, and wrenched herself away. "You mustn't touch me; and I can never marry anybody as long as I live!" He looked at her with astonishment; she had seemed passive a moment before, and it was

and that was to send her back to her husband? Besides, she could not bear to confess that she, who had let him kiss her just now and had been content and happy to rest her head against him, was a married woman, and had been passing herself off as a girl. He would think her wicked, and despise her. She felt wicked, and despised herself, for as she stood facing him on the lonely pathway there rushed back with terrible distinctness the remembrance of her wedding day and those awful words she had said standing up in church beside Mr. Belcher; she remembered her wedding-ring, and signing her name in the vestry, and going away—that terrible going away with Mr. Belcher to Windermere. She thought of Mrs. Oswald, the first person who had ever said "Mrs. Belcher" aloud to her. She could

see in imagination the envelopes of the few letters that had come directed to her in her married name, especially the first ones that Mr. Belcher had opened. Everything seemed to stare her in the face as if aghast at what she had done and was doing, and for the first time she felt wicked and deceitful, though she knew that she was neither. He stood looking at her doubtfully, wondering what to do.

"Won't you speak to me, my darling," he said at last, "and tell me if there is anyone else who cares for you?"

"Anyone else who cares for me!" she repeated. "No, no one in the world, and no one ever did, and I never cared for anyone else." The "else" sent a flash of joy through him. "For anyone else," she said again, as though she knew what it was to him, "in my whole life—and I never shall."

"Then, my sweet, it is all right," he said, in the happy voice she loved, and that this last hour had seemed to be waking up some new life in her to stir her heart and soul, and he tried to reach her face again. But she drew back with alarm that had more in it than mere shyness.

"You mustn't," she cried. "You mustn't—mustn't."

"But you love me, dear? You said you cared for me, you meant it, didn't you?"

"I love you more than the whole world," she answered. "I think there was never, never anyone like you," and she burst into tears.

"And you are going to marry me, my darling."

"No, I can't," she answered firmly; still carefully keeping him at bay. "I am never going to marry anyone as long as I live."

"Dear goose," he said tenderly, "you are going to marry me."

"No," she cried, and looked at him with the hunted look that puzzled him sorely. "I can't, Jim. I am not going to marry you; I can never marry anybody."

"And you don't care for anyone else," he said, "and no one cares for you, and never did."

"Never, never," she said, and clasped her hands and stood with her head bowed. He looked at her curiously, up and down, almost as if he wondered whether it could really be she herself who stood there.

"Kathy," he said gravely, "I love you with all my heart, and you say you love me. I want you to be my wife, darling—won't you?"

"No, I won't," she said very gently; "but I love you," she pleaded.

"It is no use saying that," he answered coldly. "Somehow you are not treating me fairly. Come, let us go." And they walked back to the hotel in silence.

(To be continued.)



CHUMS.

impossible that he could have mistaken the expression in her eyes.

"But I thought you cared for me," he said, bewildered; "did I misunderstand?"

"I do!" she exclaimed passionately, "I do care, it isn't that——"

"And you know that I love you," he said, going forward reassured, but she put out her hand to keep him off.

"No, no!" she cried in alarm; "you mustn't do that—but yes, I know you care for me—I felt it just now."

"Then why won't you let me love you, darling? Why won't you marry me? Is there anyone else?" She hesitated and looked at him, and longed to tell him the truth. But had not Alice said that the Alford's were very proper? And had she not herself heard what the Mummy had said about Mrs. Simpson, the woman who had left her husband? And did not everyone, so far as she knew, agree in thinking that there was but one path to pursue with a runaway wife,

SKETCHES IN CHINA.



VIEW OF THE BUND, SHANGHAI.



A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.



"AN IDYLL"—BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

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TOM OF TEN THOUSAND.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In a recent article on "A Romantic Family," in *The Illustrated London News*, I touched on the murder of Tom of Ten Thousand, Mr. Thomas Thynne of Longleat. The whole story may be read in the State Trials for 1682, but the State Trials are not in every library, while the adventure is curious and the characters engaged are awaiting their novelist. Captain Christopher Vratz, in particular, would suit Mr. Stanley Weyman very well, and with Dr. Gilbert Burnet, later Bishop of Salisbury, we may admire the grace and gallantry of this desperado.

Mr. Thynne was a Somerset gentleman of £9000 a year. He was a Whig, for he declined to raise a regiment against the Scotch fanatics who broke into rebellion after the murder of Archbishop Sharp. Mr. Thynne was a friend of the Duke of Monmouth, "a wealthy western friend," Dryden says in "Absalom and Achitophel." Being so rich Mr. Thynne must needs "marry money" in the person of Lady Ogle, who, says Sir John Reresby, "repenting herself of the match, fled from him into Holland before they were bedded." Why Lady Ogle changed her mind I know not, nor have any present means of ascertaining; but perhaps she preferred Charles, Count of Königsmarek, a brother of the famous Aurora von Königsmarek and of the young gentleman who clouded the domestic peace of George I. This Charles was a ruffian of high courage, beautiful person, and unimpeachable Protestant principles. About Jan. 21, 1682, the Count, who had lived magnificently and with a great retinue in England, returned to this country in disguise. He frequently changed his lodgings, he wore a black periwig instead of his own abundant love-locks, and he sent a friend to inquire, from the Swedish Resident, how things would stand if he killed Mr. Thynne in a duel. Would the law permit him to marry Mr. Thynne's rich and recalcitrant bride? The Swedish Resident declined to go into the law of the case, and warned the Count to behave with propriety. Now, the Count had a retainer, Captain Vratz, who had led a forlorn hope of fifty men at the siege of Mons, and had come out alive with but one of his comrades. This Captain Vratz everywhere professed a desire to "kill Mr. Thynne fairly"—that is, in a duel, because Mr. Thynne had called him "a Hector," or swash-buckler, as, indeed, Captain Vratz was, but did not like to be told it. Nothing can be more clear than that Königsmarek thought the marrying of Lady Ogle, after slaying Mr. Thynne, her husband, an act of doubtful legality. He therefore set Captain Vratz at Mr. Thynne, who declined to fight a bully of his quality. The Count now sent abroad for a Polander named Borosky, a man of mean condition, who arrived in London on Friday, Feb. 10. By the Count's desire, a very good sword was bought for Borosky, at the cost of ten shillings, and a buff coat was also bought for him. A third ally of the Count's was a Lieutenant Stern, who was enlisted by worthy Captain Vratz. In addition to these preparations a blunderbuss was procured, was loaded with six bullets, and placed in the hands of the Pole. About six o'clock on Feb. 12 these gallant gentlemen sallied out from the Black Bull in Holborn, and asked their way to Temple Bar. Thence they rode up the Strand into Pall Mall, where they met a servant carrying a flambeau before the coach of Mr. Thynne. Captain Vratz stopped the coach. Possibly he meant to insult Mr. Thynne and force an "occasion" (as Sir William Hope calls it), or sudden irregular duel upon him. This was the gallant Captain's own version of the affair. Borosky (with the blunderbuss) and Stern were only to see fair play in case Mr. Thynne's servants interfered. But what happened was that Borosky, overacting his part, discharged the blunderbuss into the stomach of Mr. Thomas Thynne, who in no long time expired. The foreign gentlemen then made off, no man arresting them. On that evening Sir John Reresby, the magistrate, was at Court, and found Charles II. much disturbed by the news. The action in itself was "shocking to the natural disposition" of the good King, and he also knew that the Protestants would make party capital out of the affair. For the Duke of Monmouth was the Protestant leader; Mr. Thynne was a friend of the Duke's: therefore the slaying of Mr. Thynne must be part of a Popish plot, hatched certainly by the Duke of York, and perhaps by Charles himself. This would have been "a clinker" (as another statesman said on another occasion) for the Whigs; and doubtless the pious Protestants were mortified when their natural suspicions were disproved. Count Königsmarek, who arranged the whole affair, rejoiced in the proud title of Protestant; so did Lieutenant Stern. Captain Vratz appears to have been an Agnostic, and the Polander's religion is neither here nor there. These persons were all pursued by Sir John Reresby and his minions, were tracked to various places of seedy and disreputable resort, and, for their parts, did not conceal their guilt. The Polander confessed to having fired the blunderbuss, and Captain Vratz could only say that the Polander had misunderstood his orders. Next, the gallant Count was captured as he skulked about the waterside, waiting his chance to slip abroad. On hearing that the Polander had confessed, the Count "bit his clothes," but presently remarked: "This is a stain on my blood, but one brave action or a lodging on a counterscarp will wash it out." This was explained to mean that the Count's honour was aspersed by the murderous behaviour of his retainers, but

that he meant to clear his reputation by gallantry in war, war which then acted as a universal detergent. The Count, however, had literally "friends at court." Sir John Reresby perceived that the King "was willing the Count should get off." Doubtless the Lord Chief Justice, Parkman, perceived this also. The three subordinates were found guilty, but the Lord Chief Justice's summing-up made it pretty plain to the jury that the circumstantial evidence against the Count was not strong enough. The King "seemed to be not at all displeased at it," but the Duke of Monmouth's party "were extremely dissatisfied," and no wonder. Yet the Count, at the trial, made a great parade of his Protestantism and that of his ancestors, one of whom founded the fortunes of the family by seizing and melting down the golden image of a saint, such was his virtuous hatred of "idolatry."

After the trial Stern and the Polander confessed, and Stern gave a very curious account of "a stupor in his mind like the sense a man has when he is half asleep" before the committing of the crime. He still prayed—murderers, as it seems, often do—"but only as a child learns a lesson by rote." On the night of the deed he observed a great sluggishness in his horse, which he attributed to its instinctive foreknowledge of the crime. The horse, in fact, was in sympathy with its hesitating rider. Stern passed his latest hours in writing didactic and patronising religious addresses to all sorts and conditions of men. The Captain, however, was "hard as flint"; repent he would not, confess he would not: "if he were to live he should not forbear to give everyone as good as he brings." "He was not such a fool as to believe that souls can fry in material hell," and here the worthy chaplain agreed with him. About Stern, he said that the man "sometimes was not well in his wits." Finally, Captain Vratz died with a cool and courteous gallantry which has rarely been equalled, save by the wicked old Lord Lovat. He was, in fact, a Norseman of the old heathen sort, as, remorseless, as fearless, and as loyal as his sword. There was no hypocrisy or humbug in stout Captain Vratz, who would have left another kind of name had he died in the forlorn hope which he led at Mons.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.
VIII.—CRESSY.

The great Hundred Years' War between the House of Valois and the Plantagenets and Lancasters of England had been dragging on its course for weary years. Edward III. had claimed the French crown, rather to strengthen his position in the inevitable conflict than because he expected to win France by force of arms. But Aquitaine, Edward's patrimony, and Flanders, the land of his allies, were the two great markets of England; English wool paid for Flanders cloth and Gascon wine; and both these markets were menaced by French encroachment.

But the strife remained indecisive. Gaining the control of the sea by the great victory of Sluys, Edward attacked from the Flemish side, but in vain. Equally indecisive was the fighting in Brittany between French and English candidates for the dukedom. But better fortune attended the English arms in Guienne, where the Earl of Derby by his brilliant victories won back the duchy for Edward in 1345. Philip of Valois sent a great army into the south, under his eldest son, John, to recover Aquitaine. Edward, desirous of making a diversion, assembled an army at Southampton, and sailed on July 2, 1346, for France.

Whether by accident or design, the fleet did not sail to Guienne, but towards the coast of Normandy. Flanders, the base of the former invasions, was lost by the death of James van Artevelde and the Count of Hainault. Hence, the winds baffling the voyage to Guienne, Edward resolved to land in the richest and most hostile part of the land of France, for such was now Normandy, once the fairest land in the great Angevin dominion.

Normandy was a wealthy and fat country, for it had seen war only by its sailors; and the people dwelt secure in their wealth, when Edward's hungry hordes of Welsh and Irish light infantry, followed by the terrible English archers and the mailed men-at-arms, fell on the spoil. Caen resisted and was sacked; the English army swept up the left bank of the Seine, leaving a wide path of ravage behind it. Rouen was too strong to assail; but Edward, passing it, encamped at Poissy.

Philip of Valois would not call back the great army from Guienne; but he called on all the nobles still left at home, summoned his allies to help, and sent for the levies of the towns to give him a body of infantry. From all sides knights, men-at-arms, town levies flocked towards Paris. It was time for Edward to retire before so superior a force. He resolved to move on Flanders, and therefore crossed the Seine and moved northward, meeting and overthrowing the citizens of Amiens as they marched to Paris. Close behind him came the huge army of Philip. The Somme bridges were broken down or entrenched, and it seemed as if Edward would be hemmed in between the French forces and the river; but at last a peasant told of a ford near the mouth of the Somme, called Blanche Taque, from the white stones in the bed of the river. The ford was guarded by Godemar du Fay, with a strong force; but the English were desperate, and after a fierce fight in the water, Edward forced the passage and cut the French troops to pieces. Philip came up on the southern bank too late; the

English were over, the tide had turned, and the ford was no longer to be passed. The great French army turned towards the fortress and bridge of Abbeville.

Edward had retreated far enough. He was on his mother's inheritance, the land of Ponthieu. At the edge of the woodland of Cressy, on the slope of a hill, he drew up. The baggage and horses were sent to the rear and covered by barricades; the archers held the front, drawn up in what is called the "harrow" formation, so that each rank could shoot between the men of the rank in front, and, from the sloping ground, the rear could pour its shafts over the heads of the front rank. Behind the archers were the light-armed Welsh and Irish, and the men-at-arms on foot, for the battle was to be one of defence only. Edward himself, commanding the reserve, was posted on the knoll of a windmill overlooking the field of battle.

Philip's army was big and unwieldy. His numbers are given variously from seventy to a hundred and twenty thousand; Edward had, perhaps, twenty or twenty-five thousand in all. But the battle was to be one in which numbers were of little avail. Philip left Abbeville on the morning of Saturday, Aug. 26, on the march to Cressy, some ten or twelve miles. A storm of thunder and rain made the march a labour and wearied man and horse, but at last Philip's scouts told him that he was near to his enemy, and advised him to halt and attack after a night's rest. So the King ordered. The command "Halt banners!" ran along the line; but no baron would be behind a rival, and the whole throng poured on in spite of orders, till it came in sight of the English army. Then the front ranks drew back, the rear pressed on; the whole mass, armour-clad knights, town militia, Genoese crossbowmen, wavered in doubt. At the sight of their enemies, the English, fed and rested, rose up in their array, archers in front, men-at-arms behind; the young Prince of Wales, with the Earl of Warwick beside him, commanded the advanced division, the Earls of Northampton and Arundel were in flank and rear of the van, and Edward's reserve crowned the slope.

The Genoese crossbowmen were ordered forward to prepare the way for the cavalry. But they were tired with the march, and their bowstrings, so they said, spoilt by the rain. The evening sun was in their eyes. But Philip was imperative, and the Italians advanced. Thrice they stepped forward with a loud shout; but the English ranks stood silent till the bolts began to fly; then came a rain of cloth-yard shafts before which the Genoese reeled. Seeing them give way, the iron-clad nobles and knights trampled through the Genoese, and fell on the little band of the Prince of Wales with such fierceness that Arundel and Northampton moved up to help him, and some of those around the young leader asked for the help of Edward's reserve. But the King, from his post above the battle, could see that all went well as yet. "Let the boy win his spurs," said Edward; and the message was worth a reinforcement.

The archers had closed up behind the body of noble warriors who were attacking the Prince; the dismounted English men-at-arms stood firm, and the Welsh and Irish, with their great knives, slipped among the fighters like snakes, hamstringing horses and stabbing the fallen knights through the joints of their armour. The mass of the French army, in hopeless confusion, weltered at the foot of the slope; here and there a band of men-at-arms strove to break through the archers, but each partial attack only added to the slaughter. The old blind King of Bohemia, hearing the tumult, and knowing that the day was lost, asked his knights to tie their bridles to his, and lead him where he could strike one last sword-stroke. They rode in together, and were found on the morrow dead around their dead King. That blind aimless rush on death was the type of the whole battle.

The night was falling, and whoever could win free of the tangle turned to fly. Philip of Valois still lingered on the edge of the fight, with but sixty men around him. Had the English advanced, he would have been taken or slain. But they still kept their ranks, and Philip's knights dragged him off the field to a castle near at hand, and then to Amiens.

The night was dark and thick, and a mist covered the ground on the morrow; and two belated divisions of the great French army, ignorant of the defeat, blundered into the midst of the advancing English army, and were cut to pieces. Then, at last, Edward sent heralds to number and name the dead. Eleven princes, eighty bannerets, twelve hundred knights, thirty thousand of the meaner sort were said to have been slain. Edward, called the Black Prince henceforth from the armour he wore on the day of Cressy, was the hero of the fight, though but sixteen years of age. Did he take for his own device the three feathers and the German motto of the dead King of Bohemia? Heraldry says so; history knows nothing of the tale.

Cressy gave England Calais, for it enabled Edward III. to starve the town out at his ease; but to Europe it was the beginning of a new age. The light and armed, paid, disciplined archer had won the battle; the mailed knight, charging with lance in rest, had only succeeded in perishing miserably by the skene of some barefooted Irish kerne. It needed the yet sharper lessons of Poitiers and Agincourt to teach France that the day of the feudal army was over; and when, at last, the knight gave way to the pikeman, the archer, the gunner, the mean man mighty by his discipline, the modern age of war and policy had begun.—A. R. R.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. VIII.—CRESSY.



EDWARD III. CROSSING THE SOMME IN THE FACE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. VIII.—CRESSY.



CHARGE OF THE FRENCH CHIVALRY ON THE ENGLISH BOWMEN.

DRAWN BY R. CANTON WOODVILLE.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No VIII.—CRESSY.



EDWARD III. GREETING THE PRINCE OF WALES AFTER THE BATTLE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I am not prepared to say whether the Smolensk manoeuvres have been countermanded owing to the Czar's illness or owing to the discovery of another Nihilistic plot; but this much I do know—that throughout the civilised world there is not a woman, howsoever humble her station in life, whose lot is not more enviable than that of the Czar's wife, the Empress Marie Fedorowna, better known to the world at large as the Empress Dagmar.

It is an open secret in Russia, though not elsewhere perhaps, that, but for her, Alexander III. would have shared the fate of his father long ago. The Nihilists will not touch the Czar while his wife is by his side, lest harm should befall her; and, detestable as their programme may be, the killing of innocent women forms no part of it. If Princess Dolgouroueki had been with Alexander II. on that fatal Sunday in March 1881, he would have returned to the Winter Palace as he left it, as far as their attempts were concerned. Unfortunately, the presence of the morganatic wife of the late Emperor was not always possible. This saving clause did not originally belong to the Nihilists' programme when the movement began; it was due to something that happened in Paris posterior to 1867, the date of the late Alexander the Second's visit to Napoleon III., at what time the Czar was fired upon by the Pole Berowzowski.

In those days Paris swarmed with Polish and Russian malcontents, conspirators, and political refugees. About a twelvemonth after the Czar's visit there was a riot on the Boulevard de Belleville, and the rioters had succeeded in throwing up a barricade at the entrance of the Faubourg. In front of it they had posted their womankind and children. The Commissary of Police, who accompanied the troops, had summoned them thrice to disperse, to which summons they turned a deaf ear. After the third summons, he raised his voice still higher. "You refuse to disperse," he said. "Very well, take your wives and children away, and we'll proceed to business."

A Nihilist of note who was in the crowd was so struck with the justice of the warning that in his next report to the Central Committee he enlarged upon it. Since then women have become sacred to their attempts. The Emperor knows, the Court party know it, and the Empress Dagmar knows it better than anyone else and to her cost, hence her constant anxiety to leave her husband's side as little as possible. Let her humbler sisters throughout the world reflect upon this, and they will agree with what I said at the outset, that no woman, however lowly her lot in life, is not more enviable than the Czarina of Russia.

Fortunately for her, she is of a most cheerful disposition, and be it remembered that, apart from this constant anxiety, she has had enough to try her fortitude and her temper. As a rule, and notwithstanding the stereotyped gush of the majority of the European press at every projected royal or imperial marriage, I am somewhat sceptical as to the degree of sincere and spontaneous affection that presides at such unions, and especially at Russian unions. It cannot be otherwise, and I am not criticising that state of things; I am merely stating facts. But I feel certain that the marriage of Princess Dagmar of Denmark with the eldest brother of Alexander III., to whom she was betrothed, would have been a marriage of affection on both sides. Everyone knows that the eldest son of Alexander II. died of consumption at Nice, and that Princess Dagmar, who stood by his bedside at the last, would have preferred to remain single, but reasons of State willed it otherwise.

On the other hand, the then Grand Duke Alexander had conceived a deep-seated affection for one of his mother's ladies-in-waiting, Princess Marie Metzerski, the daughter of the Polish prince of that name, who was a poet as well as a prince. Being a younger son, Alexander fondly hoped that no reasons of State would intervene between him and the woman he loved. The blow fell, and he was severed from her for ever. She herself married Count Paul Demidoff, Prince of San Donato, and died at the age of twenty-four.

Alexander and Dagmar, the future rulers of Russia, were about then to contract a loveless marriage—maybe cursing their exalted birth, which debars men and women from following the promptings of their heart; but both were loyal to the core, and did not close their eyes to the fact that such exalted birth imposes duties, the reward of privileges.

A magnificent apartment had been prepared for the newly wedded couple. It happened, however, that by reason of its fresh paint and varnish, it was considered inadvisable to occupy it for some weeks, and a much humbler one had "to be put up with." The Grand Duke was vexed. His bride laughed outright at the mishap. That frank and joyous laughter worked wonders, it has continued to work wonders for twenty-seven years. There is no more united couple in the world than the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias. Empress Dagmar is not only the guardian angel of her husband's life materially, but she makes that life morally possible. "She prays for me with her feet," said Alexander III. on one occasion, alluding to Heine's axiom that "dancing is praying with one's feet." For the Empress is very fond of dancing. Nevertheless, I repeat, she is the least enviable woman in the world.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Does the Church of England connive at divorce? The report on divorce by the Lower House of the Convocation of York replies in the affirmative. It complains that out of the thirty-four dioceses of England and Wales only six, Chester, Chichester, Ely, Lichfield, Norwich and Salisbury refuse to issue licenses to any divorced person whatsoever; fifteen and a half grant the Bishop's faculty for a fresh union to the successful petitioner or plaintiff in a divorce suit; eleven and a half make no rule against the issue of licenses to either party. The report maintains that never has the Church of Christ in this country sanctioned divorce, but only judicial separation; never has the Church of Christ in this land sanctioned the union of any, whether a divorced or judicially separated, person with another partner during the lifetime of the former partner. Marriage cannot be dissolved save by death. Such are the views of Convocation, but it may be doubted whether they are generally the views of the laity.

It appears that the Jersey Courts do not recognise marriage as dissoluble. The president of the Divorce Court in England is the son of a Jersey man, Dean Jeune of Jersey, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

Bishop Ellicott has gone to his favourite resort at Bel Alp in Switzerland for a month. Six weeks seems to be about the limit of the episcopal holiday.

It seems that Bishop Kenyon, whom Lord Rosebery has appointed to the See of Bath and Wells, sat with the Premier in the same form at Eton. When Dr. Kenyon was in London recently he renewed his friendship with his Lordship. In politics the new Bishop is said to be a Liberal Unionist.

The Rev. Frederic Wallace, M.A., the new Bishop of Wellington, is well known among theologians as a highly promising student. He was Caius prizeman in 1874 and 1877, and graduated in the first class of the Classical Tripos. Since 1878 he has been a fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and Lecturer of Divinity. In 1886 he was appointed Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury.

Mr. Granville Dickson, Secretary of the Church Defence Institution, says that the Church in Wales is the question of the hour. He is by no means hopeless—quite the contrary. Whenever anyone comes into his room and says, "Do you think Disestablishment is coming?" he always replies, "We never mention Disestablishment in this room. We have our work to do, and if all Churchmen united in doing their work, there is no possibility of that catastrophe ever befalling this land." Mr. Dickson said that the battle must be fought in the House of Commons. If any Bill once found its way to the House of Lords, it was within measurable distance of being passed.

The Rev. Eric M. Farrar, son of Archdeacon Farrar, who was recently presented to the vicarage of St. Thomas's, Coventry, has preached in the Wesleyan chapel at Foleshill. I do not remember that Archdeacon Farrar has ever occupied a Nonconformist pulpit.

The *Guardian*, in a temperate article, thinks that nothing can be done in the way of admitting Nonconformist ministers to the Church without re-ordination. It says, however, that there should be more intercourse between Christians separated from one another. The want of it causes many misapprehensions. "It was one of the many virtues of Arthur Stanley that he never lost an opportunity of breaking down, so far as social intercourse went, the barriers of theological antagonism, and the more this can be done, the more that Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists can meet at the same tables and in the same rooms, the more each man will come to realise, though not one word of direct controversy may ever be spoken, probably because no word of direct controversy is ever said, that none of them are so black as he, perhaps, has been accustomed to think if not to paint them."

The meeting-house belonging to the Society of Friends at Frome has been reopened for worship, after having been closed for thirty-six years.

A politician once said, "Let me have the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws." One concerned in maintaining the tone of popular religion might similarly consider that the hymns are more effectual than the sermons. A newspaper discussion has arisen upon the literary merits of many English hymns which are dear to Christian hearts, and which have usually been esteemed among the most beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry. It has turned, so far, on a very small question—that of the admissibility of imperfect rhymes, in which the consonants, but not the vowel sounds of the final syllables of the two paired lines correspond. The usage of English versification has always permitted this kind of rhyme, and it has its peculiar charm to the cultivated ear. At any rate, three or four of the truest religious poets, one an Oxford Professor of Poetry, have often employed it. In the hymn beginning "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear," we find "eye" used to rhyme with "live," and "poor" with "store." In "New every morning is the love," "love" is rhymed with "prove," "forgiven" with "heaven," and "road" with "God." In "There is a book who runs may read," "love" is rhymed with "move," "down" with "known," and "tongues" with "songs." These three hymns are John Keble's. Take next the hymns of Charles Wesley. In "Christ whose glory fills the skies," "morn" is rhymed with "return." In "Jesu, lover of my soul," "none" rhymes with "alone," and "stay'd" with "head." In "Hark, the herald angels sing," "proclaim" rhymes with "Bethlehem," "come" with "womb," and "peace" with "righteousness." In "Love divine all love excelling," "deliver" with "never," and "blessing" with "ceasing." Watts, in his magnificent hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," rhymes "stood" and "God," "gone" and "sun," "come" and "home"; James Montgomery, in "Forever with the Lord," rhymes "roam" with "home," and "Lord" with "word." These instances are pointed out by a correspondent of a daily paper. We do not hesitate to affirm that the authors of the hymns are justified by English literary usage, and that good taste would condemn any alteration of their verses.

THE WHIMS OF TROUT.

It has not yet been announced that trout have taken to Sir Herbert Maxwell's scarlet May-fly; but one would not be surprised to hear that they are actively on the rise at it, even in the middle of autumn. In the purling brook within sound of which these lamentable reflections are going on the fish have been doing things equally ridiculous. The other day, the first of the belated Lammas flood, which came down bravely after a deluge on the hills, they would not look at a worm. "The water is still rising," a wise native explained: "they never bite when she's on the rise." Next day the trout were quite as disdainful. "The river is falling," said Local Knowledge, in another person. "they never take when the spate is running off." "These be new doctrines," I thought, as I recalled the days, years ago, when, on that same stream, whether the water was rising or it was falling, you could always fill your creel if there was a flood at all. Here let it be mentioned that there is no shame in the admission that the trout were caught with worm. The natural man is not yet levelled up to the intelligence of the sportsmen who consider worm a low poaching bait. Candidly, the untutored savage can find no data of ethics behind that dogma, and has the bad taste sorrowfully to despise the personage to whom a nibble in waters through which you cannot see is not indefinitely more exciting than a decorous rise at the languid dry-fly. Indeed, one has little reverence for the airs and graces of the sportsman who would as soon walk through Piccadilly in a divided skirt as cast angle with anything but a single fly on drawn gut. Until the New Angler has had a day with worm on a flooded trout stream, the gentleman shall not know that he is born. However, it is not round the New Angling that these reflections hang.

On the third day the stream was in a comparatively settled state. It was still half a foot above the normal level; but it was beautifully clear and fresh, and its bulk did not seem an adverse condition. One fancied that on that day, of all days, a cast of the standard patterns would do sound work. Alas! it did no work at all. Here and there a trout poised near the surface, manifestly on the outlook for tid-bits, could be seen; but not one would deign a glance at the standard patterns. If we dropped a fly over the nose of a fish, he paid no attention; at the third or fourth time of asking he sank slowly to the bottom, bored. "What's the meaning of that, now?" we asked ourselves, when the thing had happened often. The flies were all right. Flies of the same size and hues were fluttering on the water, and fat trout were sucking them in. Sitting down on the bank to think, we beheld a boy, with a fish on, a hundred yards below us. We watched him landing it. Scarce was his line out again when he was fast in another. Trout after trout he took, all the way up, until he was beside us; and his sport had been on the very water over which we had diligently cast in vain. The lad, at request, showed us his flies. They were a worn-out March Brown, a tarnished Green Drake, and a Zulu with woodcock wings. "Strange! These are not the flies on the water?" The boy laughed. "That's why the trout go for them," said he. "They're tired of the flies on the water. It is the same with worms: only the other way round. Look here!" Having gathered up some earthworms by the aid of a penknife, the lad led me to a bridge over the stream, a short way farther up. Alert trout were numerous in the pool below. Stretching out his arms, the lad dropped from one hand some of the worms he had just dug up, fresh, fat, colourless things; and from the other hand worms, pink and appetising, which he had taken from out of a bag of moss slung over his shoulder. One by one the fresh worms were eagerly gobbled; the others floated away untouched. "Yet," said the boy, "if you tried them on a Stewart-tackle, it's the red worms the fish would take." Experience justifies his assertion.

Half a mile farther up the water was very wide. In fact, it was more a lake than a stream. "Here's the boat," said the boy, crashing through the reeds in a quiet corner. "Come in." The air was still when we rowed out; the water was so calm that we could see every rise within the whole radius; and the rises, which were listless, were very few. Comes a vapour from the west, and wind; the surface of the water is shaken into ripples, which extend all over the lake; and soon we are drifting well. Soon, too, we are among rising fish, not a few of which are caught; but it is the boy who has most of the fun. He had, I noticed, changed his cast when we set out in the boat. "It is this run-looking blue-bodied partridge they're after," he remarked, unhooking a lusty two-pounder from the middle dropper. "I put it on, last week, because I had never seen a fly like it before. Have one?" I accepted the offering, and put the fly on the end of my cast; and, getting fish and fish alternately, sometimes at once, we did very well for an hour or so. Then the wind fell, and the ripple died, and the lake became still as a mill-pond bound by ice. We put down our rods, and surveyed the sad scene. Excepting that there was no movement in the air, all the conditions seemed to be as they had been. There were still thin dull clouds, and the clouds were moving; still the atmosphere was light and fresh; there was no suspicion of thunder. Flies in plenty were whisking about, occasionally touching the water with their wings; but, for all the rises to be seen, there might have been no more than four or five fish in the lake. Ten minutes before the trout had been bulging all round us. "Do you think the wind actually makes them rise?" I asked, pulling out my tobacco-pouch. "Certainly it does," said the boy. "It wakes 'em up and gives them an appetite." Until then it had been my unquestioned understanding that the moods of trout were unaffected either by stillness or by a breeze, and that one fared best in wind merely because the wave concealed the tackle; but I do believe that the boy was right.

W. EARL HODGSON.

LITERATURE.

POEMS BY MRS. PIATT.

Poems by Sarah Piatt. Two vols. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1894) Children watch with pleasure the sparks that flit, as if with a life of their own, across the ashes of a sheet of paper thrown upon the fire at twilight; the animated atoms of illumination are all the more vivid because they run their race on a dark background. Many of Mrs. Piatt's verses resemble these golden fireflies of the hearth. They render into song illuminated moments of life, but the moments are fugitive and inconstant, and they start forth from a background of sadness. If only joy were a steadfast glow; if only love never waned; if only the bow of hope were based on substantial pillars; if only the bright eyes did not change to dim and the sunny hair to grey; if only the babies did not grow to men and women; if only the shadow on the dial would stand still; if only noon did not pursue morning, and evening noon; if only death did not quench all the lights and silence all the music! This is an old refrain of lamentation, but every day makes it new for someone. Mrs. Piatt's lyrics do not deal in melancholy generalisations. Each poem is the record of a vivid moment; her sense of gladness is quick and keen; and she plays over sorrow with a dainty kind of mirth. Human happiness is so fragile we must handle it delicately, and it deserves a smile and a tear rather than noisy grief. There is, indeed, often a smile on the singer's lips, even while her eye is settled on a grave. Such poetic work as this needs delicate handling, and Mrs. Piatt's luckiest poems have a lightness and sureness of artistic touch. A lyric in two stanzas, entitled "Her Simile," is a confession of abiding sorrow, but the simile hardly suggests the outbreaks and sallies of joy which, together with that sorrow, give its special character to her verse.

If you should see a statue, one
Whose marble name was Silence, sit alone,
Whiter than Death, and sadder, in the sun,
With stony finger pressed to lips of stone;

If from those lips, themselves so still,
A fountain's waters restlessly should start,
And make a little troubled murmur, till
They all were dry: this would be like my heart.

The waters make more than "a little troubled murmur"; they ripple and utter gay, sad sounds, and sparkle from sunshine to shadow.

If King Baby should appoint a Laureate—and so great a monarch has many state offices to bestow—the claims of Mr. Swinburne or of Mr. Stevenson or of Miss Rossetti must be acknowledged to rank higher than those of Mrs. Piatt. It would not be right to tell the King that he is growing old, and one of the most charming of Mrs. Piatt's poems is "Last words over a little bed at night," in which she bids the pretty sleepers not only good-night, but good-bye; for next morning they will be different by a whole third of a day: the lost darlings will be replaced by certain seniors as yet unknown. I cannot agree with one of Mrs. Piatt's critics that the pathos and the humour of the nursery should be reserved for home consumption. The reviewer was assuredly a misogynist, incapable of a wise fatuousness. Mrs. Piatt does not glorify King Baby with the imaginative splendour of Mr. Swinburne's poetry; but she is more intimately acquainted with his royal freaks and fancies. She does not sing for his ear divine jingles, which are in truth exquisite lyrics, like Miss Rossetti. She does not wind herself back into the child's consciousness, reviving, from an adult standpoint, the wonders, fears, hopes, failures, and triumphs of our earliest days, as does Mr. Stevenson. With a sad grown-up heart, she lends herself to the monarch's good pleasure, listens to all his quaint utterances, and reads into them the mournful wisdom of experience. The poems are designed for us, the courtiers about the throne, not for the King himself. The following, named "One Year Old," is not the best example of Mrs. Piatt's songs of childhood, but it is characteristic, and it is one of the shortest—

So, now he has seen the sun and the moon,
The flower and the falling leaf on the tree
(Ah! the world is a picture that's looked at soon),
Is there anything more to see?

He has learned (let me kiss from his eye that tear),
As the children tell me, to creep and to fall;—
Then life is a lesson that's taught in a year,
For the Baby knows it all.

But in his exalted wisdom the baby at one year old does not believe that the possibilities of life are exhausted, and he has privately intimated that these stanzas alone, flattering as they seem, disqualify Mrs. Piatt for his laureateship.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

IN QUEST OF LIONS.

Five Months' Sport in Somali Land. By Lord Wolverton. (Chapman and Hall.)—Lord Wolverton has written, and Colonel Paget has illustrated from photographs, one of the brightest books on big-game hunting we have had for many months. It is a slight brochure, containing only 108 pages, but there is not a line that could properly be cut, and the reader finds himself unconsciously asking for more almost at the end of every chapter. The two hunters left England in November 1892. Having reached Berbera, they set out at once with eighty-eight men, sixty-six camels, a large herd of sheep and oxen, seven donkeys, and eight ponies, and crossed the waterless plain of the Haud until they reached Milmil, where their sport began,

and continued as far south as Wachaga. It seems everywhere to have been sport of the most interesting and abundant character. Unlike many who have gone to seek lions and "rhino," they did not return with a poor show of gazelle and oryx; but, being greeted rapturously by the natives, they were hailed as new prophets who had come to deliver the country from the ravages of beasts. Tidings of the spoor of the lion came to them from scores of villages. Though Lord Wolverton makes very light of the resulting excitements, the reader who is gifted with the smallest imagination can follow the hairbreadth escapes and supreme moments with an interest which is altogether engrossing. Wherever the lion was, there the tactics of the friendly raiders appear to have been the same. They built up a zareba on the outskirts of the village, and, having tethered a donkey without the encampment, they awaited the quarry. And they were rarely disappointed. No sooner had dark come down, and quiet settled upon the village, than the whole of the animals within the zareba would begin to show their disquietude. Presently there would be a great silence in the bush without; the unhappy donkey would tremble like an aspen leaf; a great roaring would be heard, and a deadly thud as the lion sprang upon the beast and fixed his claws in its throat. That was the shooter's opportunity, and while the difficulties of hitting a lion in the dark are obvious, it is a great testimony to the brilliancy of the work that the hunters so rarely missed or even failed to kill right out. Lord Wolverton does not give any record of the numerical result of his five months' sport, but he must have shot scores of lions, and from the day of his arrival in the fruitful country he scarce enjoyed twenty-four hours' idleness. Even where the lion failed him, partridge and pheasant, oryx and gazelle, ostrich and zebra, rhinoceros



LORD WOLVERTON.

From "Five Months' Sport in Somali Land."

and panther amply atoned; and the leisure moments seem to have been given to work of mediation between the Somali natives and the Abyssinians, and even to petty warfare, which was more amusing than deadly. Yet the expedition was not without that spice of danger which is necessary to whet the appetite of the big-game hunter. Fever seized the sportsman, and sent their temperature to great heights. They were face to face with wounded lions on more than one occasion; Colonel Paget had a beast within a few feet of him when he had discharged his last cartridge; the camel-men mutinied; the natives threatened. But all this, entertaining as it is to the reader, is dismissed by the author as the trivial detail with which he has little concern. He does not, like so many who become tedious in similar works, give us minute records of the way he engaged porters and the amount he paid them; he neglects, wisely, to enlarge upon menus and descriptions of uninteresting scenery; but he gives in lieu a capital account of the sporting possibilities of Somali Land, and prefaces his work with a very complete and useful map. The book is, in fact, quite the best contribution to sporting literature which the year has witnessed.

MAX PEMBERTON.

MR. AUGUSTUS C. HARE'S "SUSSEX."

Sussex. By Augustus C. Hare, Author of "Walks in London," "Walks in Rome," &c. (London: George Allen, 1894.)—Mr. Hare has travelled in many lands, and has recorded his impression of them, from Spain to Russia, in several books, which, like his subsequent "Walks in London," were, as they deserved to be, favourably received. When writing his new and prettily illustrated volume, his foot was, so to speak, on his native heath, since he is one of the famous Hares who are so pleasantly associated, in many minds, with picturesque Hurstmoor. Almost every page of the volume testifies that it has been a labour of love, and its readers reap the fruits. Mr. Hare's

intimate personal knowledge of the byways as well as the highways, of the nooks and corners of the ancient kingdom of the South Saxons enables him not only to point out sequestered beauties of scenery, but to reproduce quaint old rustic legends lingering among the peasantry, with their racy sayings and rhymes, their expressive Saxon words and phrases. For all who wish to know more of that beautiful county than is to be gained from visits to Brighton and its sister watering-places—but these are by no means neglected in the volume—there can be no better guide than Mr. Hare. Though he has not vulgarised his book with trivial details—notes, very brief, of hotels and hostels are relegated to the useful index of names of places—routes, distances, and railway-stations are carefully given. While his descriptions of old mansions and churches and his episodes of family history will delight the lover of antiquity, Mr. Hare is careful to mention whatever may claim to have a contemporary or modern interest. At Rowfant, for instance, he pauses to point out the fine old Jacobean house which is the residence of Mr. Frederick Locker (now Locker-Lampson), the poet, and at Crawley Vine Cottage, where Mark Lemon died; nor does he disdain to note that the village of Storrington, near Parham, Lord Zouche's stately Elizabethan mansion, is "the native place of Maple, the furniture-dealer, and Tom Sayers, the prize-fighter"! One of the peculiar attractions of Mr. Hare's volume lies in his apposite quotations from living or contemporary writers, who describe, sometimes through the mouthpiece of characters in fiction, but always with the freshness of personal experience, the impressions made on them by this and the other bit of Sussex scenery. Mr. Coventry Patmore is in this way laid under contribution for several charming little word-pictures of the county which he loves and knows

so well. Mr. George Gissing's "Thyrza" yields Mr. Hare a picturesque description of the curious village of West Dean, near Seaford. When decayed and half-deserted Winchelsea is reached, Mr. Hare gives not only an interesting extract from a letter of John Wesley, who preached, in 1810, under a tree by the side of a ruined church in the middle of the town, but a striking passage on the outlook from the beach in Mrs. Comyns Carr's novel "Margaret Mulphant" the title of which, too, was suggested by a memorial to a certain Richard Mulphant in the chief Winchelsea church, long since shorn by time of its pristine dimensions. On a tomb, dilapidated, but rich in quaint and exquisite sculpture, in the same church, Mr. Hare notes, with his usual scrupulous care, that Millais placed a child in his picture of "Safe from the Battle's Din." Though the volume leaves little or nothing to be desired, Mr. Hare speaks of it modestly as "doubtless full of faults," and invites corrections. We have observed in it only a few trifling errors, chiefly of omission, such as when speaking of Henry Pelham (brother of the elder Pitt's Duke of Newcastle) as successively Secretary at War, Paymaster of the Forces, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Hare fails to mention that he was also for ten years First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister. The solitary serious omission in the book, since it is so full of biographical and historical detail, is one for which Mr. Hare, like other authors in the same case, may not be responsible—the want of an index of names of persons. This only was needed to make the volume as practically useful for reference as it is instructive and agreeable throughout.

F. ESPINASSE.

THE BOOK OF DRESS.

The Book of Dress. By Mrs. Douglas. "The Victoria Library for Gentlemen." (Henry and Co.)—Instructive volumes of this kind, especially addressed to women, are usually read in merely carping spirit by the sex for which they are not intended. Husbands read them with a view to laying in a stock of

superior knowledge of things feminine wherewith to "floor" their wives, when occasion shall arise, or perhaps to see "how it's done"! The Ladies' Column in the weekly journals is, we are assured, assiduously read, in connection with the Money Market, by many a modern husband, who thereby learns whether sleeves are "still worn full" or "basques moderate," and thus justify his partner in her demands for a new dress. But has a woman ever derived instruction from a dress manual? To a cookery recipe she has been known slavishly to adhere, but a recipe for dress—she is likely to scorn it! She is a law unto herself. Abstract generalisation as to the Becoming has no weight with her, and advice based on the system of complementary colours carries no conviction. She knows best what suits her. From chapters headed "The Hygiene" or "The Rationale" of dress she turns consciously away: where ignorance means bliss and high-heeled shoes and a small waist, what folly to be wise and learn the evil results of indulgence in these pleasant and necessary vices! She does not, in fact, care to read for the sake of instruction. But either sex may do worse than read Mrs. Douglas's book for the sake of amusement. We have seldom come across a brighter little collection of remarks on what is nowadays—since the great Woman "boom"—rather a stale subject. Mrs. Douglas is like the fashionable doctor who, on the principle of "What can't be cured must be endured," permits—nay, even advocates, tight-lacing. Mrs. Douglas, for "artistic reasons"—shade of Mr. Holliday!—cannot find it in her heart absolutely to denounce it. She thinks the practice is on the whole conducive to neatness and good temper! What of the "constant headache and sense of *malaise*" which is supposed to be its inevitable concomitant? Mrs. Douglas, perhaps, remembers the important remark of the late Miss Lydia Becker: "There is more moral support in a well-built gown than in—". It is not recorded that she ever finished her sentence, which must have scandalised her strenuous fellow-workers not a little!

VIOLET HUNT.



THE JOY OF LIFE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Alas! the rain and the managers have managed to ruin our summer holiday. Those of us who boast a cheerful disposition have somehow or other arranged to "get out between the showers," but for the first time for many years I find I am summoned home to see a new play on the feast of St. Partridge.

As a rule, we are allowed to dip into September before we begin our playgoing, but that stern, inexorable, and defiant Mr. Grundy, backed up by his friend and counsellor, Mr. Comyns Carr, have sounded the war-trumpet of the playhouses, and back we must come to the Comedy Theatre to see Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play on Saturday, Sept. 1. After that the deluge indeed!

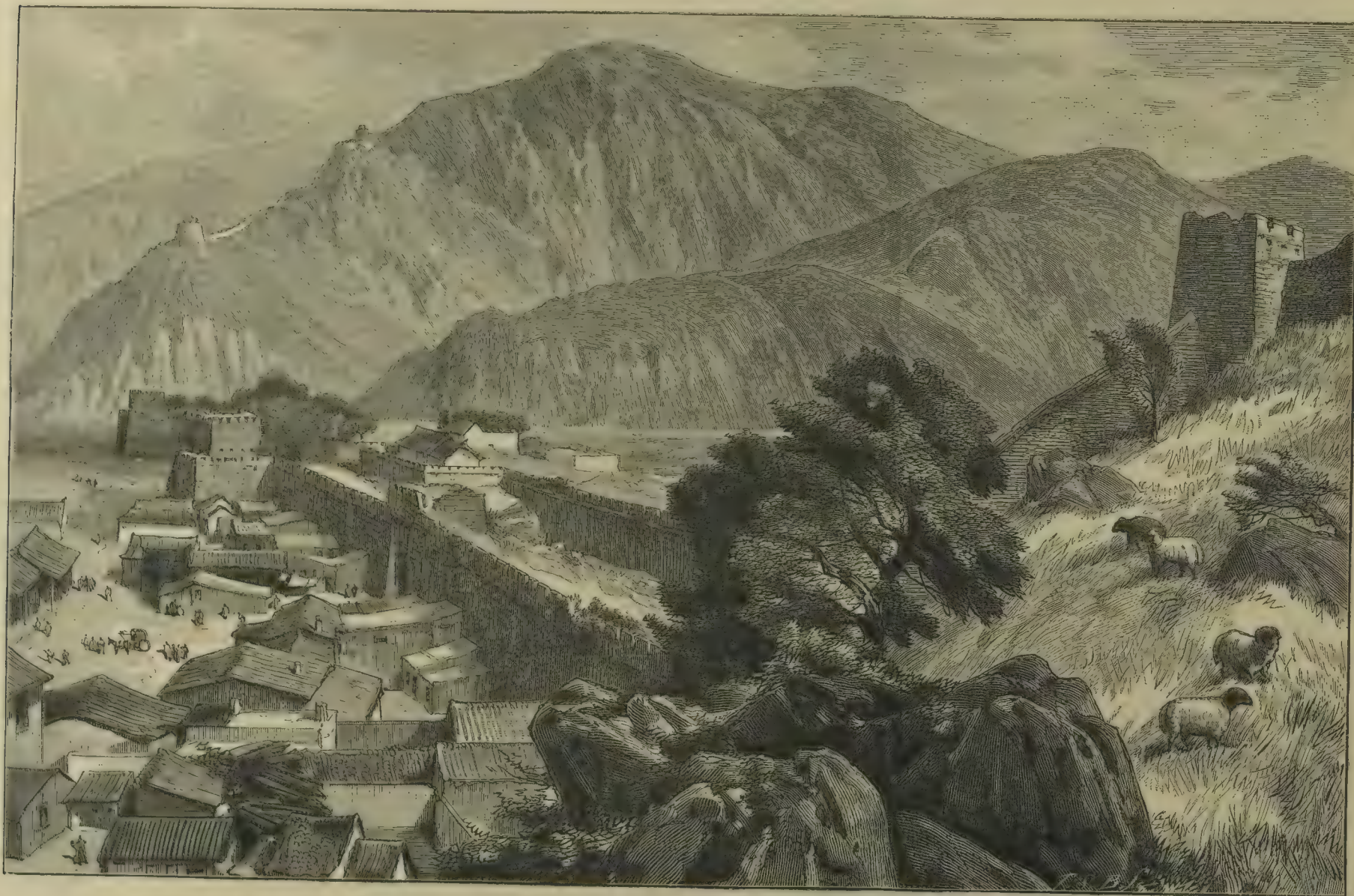
While we have been holiday-making and carousing round the battlefields of the Wars of the Roses, inside and outside the cathedral and abbey cities of the beautiful Midlands, comparing the architecture of Malvern, Tewkesbury, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, the poor managers and actors, who never get any rest, have been rehearsing under the T lights and groping about the dark passages of deserted theatres, instead of dreaming under the walnut and apple trees of the land of fruit, flowers, and ever-green pasturage. The challenge has gone forth! Back we must all come! If we shirked the knightly

it was more stifling than in Calcutta or Colombo at mid-summer! And now—well, it has poured in torrents for twenty days of August. However, it is all for the best; as they say in the Midlands, it is good "growing weather," not that this matters very much, since they are busy harvesting damp crops.

Meanwhile I have, as usual, a bone to pick with someone who shall be nameless. But even the Schoolmaster occasionally errs. Why, I ask, is it not possible to praise modern burlesque without ridiculing what has been done in the past; and why should not a critic of the old school be able to praise the past without deriding the present? To my astonishment I read the following recently: "If you want to realise how we have gone ahead of late in the matter of burlesque go and see 'Little Jack Sheppard' at the Gaiety. It belongs to a defunct order of—yes, I suppose we must say literature, since the language does not provide any special term for literature which is not literature at all. We have almost forgotten the time when the dialogue of a burlesque was necessarily in rhyme (not necessarily in metre), and when the poetries of the art demanded a pun to every couplet, if not to every hemistich. In the rhymed burlesques, too, what was absolutely too silly to be spoken was set to music and sung. *Inanity in the dialogue sank to imbecility in the lyrics.* We have changed all that, and in some ways for the better. We ask for a certain amount of point and cleverness in the lyrics, and from Mr. Adrian Ross we get it. And for rhymed inanity

I have; but I will stake my life that this excellent writer of verses no more despises the lyrics of Planché or Prowse, or Harry Leigh or W. S. Gilbert, all burlesque writers, than he could despise the lyrics of a Mortimer Collins or a Calverley. More perfect lyrics, so far as mere form and workmanship are concerned, have not been written in this century than by Planché, Gilbert, and Leigh, all in stage burlesques. And yet "we have changed all that, and in some ways for the better." I very much doubt it! I shall be told, perhaps, that this chaff of the old school was all written sarcastic. If so the sarcasm is so heavy that it wholly misses its mark. What I want to know is in what burlesque by Planché or the Broughs, or Frank Talfourd, or Merivale, or Gilbert, did inanity in the dialogue sink to imbecility in the lyrics? I wish, indeed, Mr. Adrian Ross, who is by far the best stage lyricist since W. S. Gilbert, had more imitators. But don't let us say that the old burlesque writers were idiots because the younger burlesque writers have no music in their composition or their ears!

Once more the Festival of the Three Choirs comes round to remind us of the long chain of musical meetings which have taken place in the past 170 years at Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester. On Tuesday, Sept. 11, the commencement of the festival will serve as a magnet to visitors to the ancient and picturesque city of Hereford. After a special sermon by the new Dean, who has great sympathy with



ENTRANCE TO KALGAN THROUGH THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

summons of a Comyns Carr on one Saturday, we should have to answer the appeal of the Fratelli Gatti, a few days after, to attend punctually at the Adelphi, in order to hear and see what Mr. Haddon Chambers and my faithful collaborator of other days, Mr. B. C. Stephenson, have prepared for the new Adelphi feast. There is nothing like new blood. Mr. Stephenson has experience and a keen appreciation of dramatic grip; Mr. Haddon Chambers has youth, daring, and intelligence. Let us hope that the old dramatist and the new will run well together in double harness.

As to the rest—well, my poor head is in a whirl! It seems to me, from all I can see and hear, that I shall be closeted in a theatre from the first of September until Boxing Day, after which festival they usually allow me an interval of rest until the New Year dawns, when, happily, I shall exchange the Wars of the Dramatists and Critics once more for the battlefields of the Wars of the Roses. I should dearly like to spend a New Year's Eve in my old Tewkesbury farm, and drink hipposas full of bobbing crab-apples, and hear old-world stories related in an old Worcestershire chimney-corner, and dance with rustics and servants in old barns. But enough of this pleasantries. Let us get back to work. We have not arrived at Boxing Day yet, although I have felt distinct frost at nights in this melancholy August.

"Come out, it's now September," or nearly so, when we shall see the hunter's moon, and, take my word for it, the loveliest autumn ever known. It always happens so when I am obliged to return to London. Last year it was the most beautiful summer ever known in old England in the memory of man. I was in Chicago, where it was colder than at Stonehenge in January, and in New York, where

in the dialogue we have substituted prose indecency, which is, of course, an immense improvement." Now I want very seriously to know what celebrated burlesque writer of the past forty years wrote "inane dialogue and imbecile lyrics." Were they found in the burlesques of James Robinson Planché, whose delightful dialogue teemed with wit and whose lyrics blossomed with grace and elegance? If the writer of this strange pessimistic stuff has not the time or the inclination to refer to Planché's burlesques in their collected edition; if he does not care to read "The Golden Fleece," for instance, or any of the masterpieces of Planché, he will find them very ably summarised in an excellent book by Mr. Davenport Adams, one of the most painstaking critics of to-day. Did Robert Brough, the greatly gifted author of "Songs for the Governing Classes," write inane dialogue and imbecile lyrics? Was the work of his brother William Brough so contemptible? Is Frank Talfourd, scholar and poet, to be included in this wild indictment of imbecility and inanity? It seems to me that the best burlesques of thirty and forty years ago were models of grace and elegance from a literary point of view, and distinctly superior to the unliterary and ugly efforts of to-day. They would be useless for the audiences of to-day; but that fact does not detract from their merit—it emphasises it. But is it conceivable that a literary man and writer can fail to see their literary excellence. Are George Augustus Sala, and Henry James Byron and Frank Burnand, and Herman Merivale and Robert Reece—the last two graduates of Balliol College, Oxford, to be classed among the "imbecile and inane"? No one has a greater admiration for the work of Mr. Adrian Ross than

music, "Elijah" will be given. Ten soloists out of the dozen vocalists engaged for the festival will participate in what promises to be an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's masterpiece. On Wednesday morning, Sept. 12, Dvorák's "Requiem Mass" will be followed by Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and Dr. J. F. Bridge's Christmas canticle, "The Cradle of Christ," composed specially for this occasion. In the evening Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and Haydn's "Creation" are appropriately linked together. On Thursday, the 13th, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new work, "Bethlehem," Wagner's "Vorspiel" ("Parsifal") Mendelssohn's "Forty-Second Psalm," and Spohr's "Last Judgment," make a varied morning's programme. In the evening, Dr. C. H. H. Parry's "Job" has the high compliment of being given at the third festival in succession, being followed by the delightful "Hymn of Praise." As usual, the "Messiah" occupies Friday morning, and there is a good chamber concert in the evening. There are special attractions for the concert on Tuesday evening, Sept. 11, when Dr. C. H. Lloyd's ballad, "Sir Ogie and the Ladie Elsie," will be produced, and Madame Albani and Mr. Lloyd will sing selections from Wagner's works. The conductor of the festival will be Mr. G. R. Sinclair, who achieved such a success three years ago.

A finely executed model in silver of a steam-yacht, with a solid silver base representing the sea, supported by four sea-horses, which was recently exhibited at the Royal Yacht Squadron Club House at Cowes, and which attracted great attention there, will be on view in London for a short time, at the show-rooms of the manufacturers, Messrs. Streeter and Co., 18, New Bond Street, W.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some interesting experiments on the influence of tea and coffee on digestion have lately been undertaken by Professor Schutzenstein. It is fairly well known that both tea and coffee retard the digestion of meat. The practice of taking coffee after dinner can only be explained, I presume, on the theory that the coffee acts as a corrective to any alcoholic effects; otherwise, one can hardly find a justification for adding it to the menu on physiological grounds—unless, perchance, it may be regarded merely as an agreeable adjunct to pipe or cigar. "Meat teas" have long been the abomination of physiologists, for the reason that the combination is an indigestible one, although experiment has shown that salt foods digest more readily along with tea or coffee than fresh meats. Certainly, a "high tea," much as it may be thought of popularly, is an unphysiological meal.

Professor Schutzenstein showed that while gastric juice (the stomach's own secretion), which is specially destined to dissolve and digest nitrogenous or meat foods, of itself was able to digest 94 per cent. of egg albumen (or white of egg) in the space of eight hours, it could only affect 66 per cent. when tea was added. With coffee, the effects were of even more strongly marked character, for then only 61 per cent. of the white of egg was assimilated. Another point elicited by these researches was that which showed the difference produced by a strong and weak infusion of tea and coffee respectively. The weaker the infusion, as might have been expected, the less disturbance was noted in the work of the gastric juice. The Professor inclines to think that it is the tannin of the tea and coffee which is chiefly responsible for these results. He exempts the active principles of tea and coffee (theine and caffeine) from the charge of delaying and hindering the digestive work.

Some time ago I mentioned in this column certain researches which had been made on the relative sensitiveness of the two sexes. The investigations in question were made on the senses of touch and taste. Professor Lombroso, for example, declared that the sensations of men were more acute all round than those of women, that of pain alone excepted; although, by the way, I believe it is a common experience that women bear pain much more heroically than does the opposite sex. Be that as it may, Professor Lombroso's views, it seems, are not to be left unchallenged. Dr. Den has been investigating this topic, and by aid of temperature and electrical currents, has been testing the relative sensibility of the sexes. He says that women exhibit a greater degree of sensitiveness, not only of touch but also of taste, than men. This result he holds is seen both in educated and uneducated persons. Testing the touch by means of Weber's compasses, which are employed to discover the sensitiveness of given areas of the body, Dr. Den tells us that in uneducated women this sense is better developed than in uneducated men; but among cultured persons it is practically the same for both sexes; and of the sense of pressure the same opinion is expressed. With males, education seems to advance the sensitiveness at large over that exhibited by uneducated men. Women show less of the difference thus implied, but it is added that the uneducated female tends to exhibit pain, as produced by an induced current, sooner than her cultured sister. These researches appear to me to raise to the rank of fact what hitherto has been only matter of conjecture—I mean, the presumed influence of education and refinement on the nervous apparatus.

I am glad to find that, with one solitary exception, those of my readers who have favoured me with criticisms on the views I expressed lately on the desirability of educating our youth in the details of physiological and hygienic science, have approved of the opinions I formulated. This is cheering to me personally, because I feel convinced that the whole topic of the "Tree of Knowledge" in days when esoteric matters are discussed even in the market-place, is one really of cultured education in the essentials of physical life, versus that supreme, blind ignorance of existence which can only land our youth in the pitfalls of vice, misery, and disease. People who think our youth can remain blessed and safe in their wholesale ignorance, must surely pass through this vale of tears with shut eyes and with minds impenetrable to the light of the stern facts of spoiled lives and wasted existences. If any risk in imparting knowledge is to be run at all, I should certainly favour that which certain objectors fear—of making known to the young of suitable age even the miseries of life—than of incurring the blame and the chiding of those who, looking to us for guidance and finding none, may well bitterly reproach us that we left them ignorant of the knowledge which protects from pain and saves from sin.

My friend Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D., has been laying his lance in rest against his medical brethren in a matter which concerns the public welfare to no slight extent. I admire my friend's courage and commend him for the doughty display of his opinions, a practice on his part which he has never been slow as a reformer to exhibit. Sir B. W. Richardson has been tackling the question of druggists prescribing over their counters for the common ailments of humanity; a practice which, in common with every unprejudiced person, he sees it is impossible to interdict, and which, therefore, he would recognise and strengthen in the direction of safety by the organisation of an order of chemists qualified to prescribe. I suppose this new order would really correspond to the "apothecary" who was wont to dance attendance on the physician in olden days. That the medical press has been down on the prescribing druggists of course goes without saying. There are some people in this world who, in their anxiety to make a close corporation of medicine, would hardly permit one to take a dose of Gregory's Powder without a medical certificate as to the desirability, safety, and necessity for the administration of that excellent family remedy. The fact is that when medicine begins to partake of professional sacerdotalism, it must lose all its dignity. Nobody wants quackery to flourish, but there is a very big gulf fixed between an educated chemist being allowed to prescribe simple remedies and a notorious quack selling his coloured water.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W P HIND AND OTHERS.—We have written to the contributor of No. 2623 for an explanation, which we hope to publish immediately. We need scarcely say the reputation of the composer in question precludes the notion of any deliberate plagiarism.

W OXLEY (Southampton).—We have been rather exercised in mind about your problem, but have finally decided it is rather below our standard.

R W SRATON (Sudbury).—Your problem shall receive our attention; but we must warn you that four-movers are unfashionable, and something very good is required to remove that prejudice.

C D (Madras).—Your solution of No. 2719 is correct. The problem, however, is quite unsuitable for this column.

J E GORE (Sligo).—We are obliged for the two diagrams, duly to hand.

D A LOMERZ (Belgrano).—The reason your name does not appear is that your solutions are not correct. Kt to Kt 4th (ch), for instance, does not solve No. 2622.

MAX J MEYER.—The two-mover can be solved by B to Kt 3rd and Kt takes Kt. The other is correct and shall appear.

CAPTAIN J A CHALLICE.—Your record is truly remarkable, and is worthy of more notice than the limited space of this column permits.

Dr F ST.—Your problem is marked for insertion.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—Problem is correct and accepted.

P H WILLIAMS.—Your problem shall appear at an early date.

J M K LUPTON.—Thanks; it shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2622 received from J Holleman (Potchefstroom); of No. 2625 from T B Miller (Wilkes Barre); of No. 2627 from H S Brandreth; of No. 2628 from J Hall, A Church, W David, (Cardiff), J Bailey (Newark), W E Thompson, J S Martin (Kidderminster), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and H S Pearce (Tavistock).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2629 received from E E H, W P Hind, T G (Ware), T Roberts, Sorrento, J Coad, A H B, Albert Wolff, Alpha, R H Brooks, G Joicey, W Wright, J Ross (Whitley), Shadforth, C D (Camberwell), H S Brandreth, J D Tucker (Leeds), Dr F St, M Burke, L Desanges, Admiral Brandreth, J S Martin (Kidderminster), Bruno Feist (Cologne), H B Hurford, W E Raillem, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Frank R Picking, E B Poord, Martin F, Mr and Mrs H B Byrnes (Torquay), F Waller (Luton), J W Scott (Newark), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), R Worters (Canterbury) and Edward J Sharpe.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2628.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

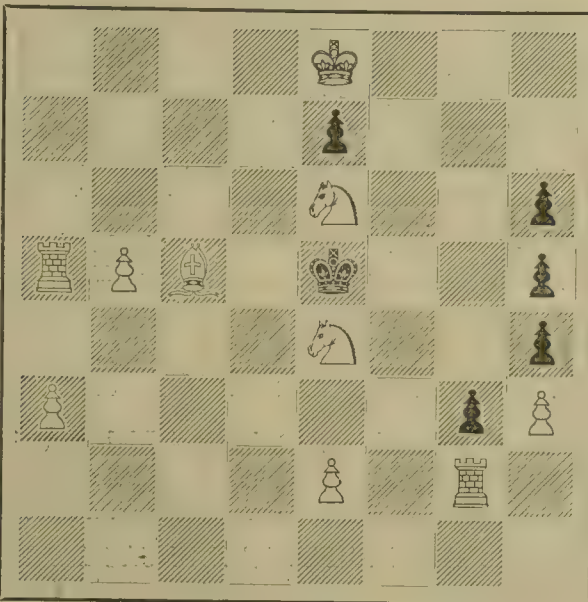
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 6th K to K 4th
2. Q to K 4th (ch) K takes Kt (or K to Q 3rd)
3. P or Kt mates

If Black play 1. K to K 2nd, 2. Kt to Kt 8th (ch); if 1. K to B 2nd, 2. Kt to K 8th (ch); and if 1. any other, then 2. Q to Kt 8th (ch), and mates in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2631.

By G. DOUGLAS ANGAS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BATH.

Game played between Messrs. A. L. STEVENSON and H. C. MOORE.

(Scotch Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. B to Q B 4th B to Q B 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd P to Q 6th

An obsolete continuation. Kt to B 3rd is better, when the game proceeds: 6. P to K 5th, P to Q 4th; 7. B to Q Kt 5th, Kt to K 5th; 8. P takes P, B to Kt 3rd; 9. Castles, Castles, and the position is even.

6. Q takes P P to Q 3rd
7. Castles K Kt to K 2nd
8. P to Q Kt 4th B to Kt 3rd
9. B to K 3rd

We should have played B to Kt 2nd, with the two Bishops strongly attacking the King's quarters.

9. Castles
10. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd K to R sq
12. B takes B R P takes B
13. Kt to Q 4th Kt to B 5th

14. Q to B 3rd Kt takes Kt
15. P takes Kt Q to Kt 4th
16. K to R sq Kt takes Kt P

By this Black gains something in material but spoils his prospects. The game, in fact, was not worth the candle.

17. Q takes Kt Q takes Kt
18. Q R to Q sq Q takes Kt P

This loses, as he can no more bring the Queen into play. Q to B 5th was his best chance of maintaining the defence.

19. K R to Kt sq P to K Kt 3rd
20. Q to Kt 5th B to K 3rd

Again weak; his only move now seems to be K to Kt 2nd. The win is pretty forced.

21. Q to B 6th (ch) K to Kt sq
22. B takes B P takes B
23. R takes P (ch) P takes R
24. Q takes Kt P (ch) K to R sq
25. R to Kt sq Resigns.

CHESS IN HAMBURG.

Game played between Messrs. FRENSDORFF and BIER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd B to B 4th

Generally in the Ruy Lopez a safe move with this Bishop is K to 2nd.

6. Kt takes P

A very good reply. White now takes up the attack with effect.

6. Kt takes Kt
7. P to Q 4th B to Q 3rd
8. P to B 4th

Too risky before Castling.

8. Kt to B 3rd
9. P to K 5th B to Kt 5th
10. P to Q 5th

The best way of keeping up the attack.

10. Kt to K 5th
11. Q to B 3rd Kt to B 4th

12. P takes Kt Q P takes P
13. Castles

The complications here are very amusing and curious. But the idea White started with proves unsound.

13. B takes Kt
14. B takes P (ch) P takes B
15. Q takes P (ch) Q to Q 2nd
16. Q takes R

There seems nothing better, Q takes Kt being answered by B to Q 5th (ch).

16. B to Q 5th (ch)
17. K to R sq Castles
18. Q to B 3rd B to Kt 2nd
19. Q to K 2nd Kt to K 5th
20. B to K 3rd Kt to Kt 6 (ch)
21. P takes Kt Q to R 6th (ch)
22. K to Kt sq B takes B (ch)
23. R to B 2nd Q takes P—Mate.

The British Chess Magazine for August contains a translation of a manuscript by Polerio, the probable inventor of the Muzio Gambit. The interest, however, is chiefly antiquarian, the substance of the manuscript being already known in another manuscript mentioned by Dr. Van der Linde. The rest of the number is fully up to the usual standard of this excellent periodical.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

That her Royal Highness the Duchess of York has been in Switzerland for a month while her baby has remained at the place of his birth is obviously proof positive that this illustrious infant is not being "nursed." It would be of interest to the other young mothers of the nation to learn if this important baby has a foster-mother or is being "brought up by hand." Theoretically, a baby brought up by the bottle has a bad chance, but practically, properly managed, there is perfect success in this method; only it does need, first, instructed wisdom, and, secondly, great and incessant care—such care as an ordinary nurse will not give without constant maternal supervision. One's feelings are all in favour of the natural food for an infant, and the satisfied look of master baby cuddled to a tender bosom, surrounded by loving maternal "magnetism" while he takes his sweet nourishment is never seen when his mere hunger is being satisfied by a stiff indiarubber nozzle affixed to a tube! Yet it may be doubted if, in many cases, a baby is not better off fed by the reliable milk of a calm cow than by an excitable, overstrained, or sickly mother. It is, at any rate, certain that children may be perfectly well reared by bottle-feeding, if only it be done the right way.

Milk is the one and sole food that a small infant can naturally digest. It is a somewhat expensive food, and the attempt that its cost brings about to substitute other food for milk is the usual cause of failure. A little baby will need a quart of milk a day at least; not that it will drink it all, but that a good deal of it must be wasted to ensure the bottles being always sweet and supplied with fresh milk. Well, three shillings a week is not very much for a baby's food, but it is more than can be afforded by the poorer classes, and obviously it is far more than the most honest of baby-farmers will spend, seeing that these women take charge of children for five shillings weekly for everything; and it is the failures in these classes that causes so much opprobrium to fall on the practice of hand-feeding, and makes it to be regarded as so unsafe. To allow a quart of milk daily for food is the first point, and the next is to see that the milk is supplied by the milkman perfectly pure, and from a clean, sweet dairy. If it be already watered, we work in the dark in preparing the bottles. If we have pure good milk, we can easily learn that for the first week of baby's life we must add two parts of water to each one of milk, and gradually, week by week, diminish the proportion of water till at the end of the second month we have two-thirds milk to one-third water, and soon after pure milk. To this mixture we have to add a teaspoonful of lime water and a little sugar—three drachms to half a pint of food is the proper quantity; and what is sold by chemists as "milk-sugar" is far better than the ordinary castor sugar (brown or lump sugar should never be used); and then we must serve baby with this mixture at blood-heat—that is, just when one can scarce feel it warm; but feeding-bottles can be had with a thermometer fixed up the side, and this is useful. Another thing to get in a feeding-bottle is a tube with a glass ball in the part that goes in the bottle, the use of which is to prevent the milk falling down each time the baby stops sucking, so that it has to take out a mouthful of air before it gets the food again. Then the most rigid cleanliness is necessary; there should be two bottles, one to be kept lying in a basin of water with a little soda or borax in it while the other is in use, and before refilling the bottle must be rinsed and cleansed by the brushes, tube and all, with a little Condy's fluid in clean water. If food thus prepared and served still seems at all to disagree, try changing the milkman first of all; but it may be needful to add a "peptonising powder," of which there are several sorts, to the milk before use, to partly digest the cheesy matter, which is stronger in cows' than in mothers' milk; but robust babies do not need this pre-digestion done. At about six months old, or a little sooner, a good "food" may be begun, but in early infancy every authority is in favour of the milk alone, as above described. Now, to get all this done—the food always mixed properly and given always at the right heat, the bottles kept clean in the proper way and to the absolute degree—is a great deal of trouble, and needs everlasting watchfulness from a mother's love or a good nurse's conscientious care. But with the proper amount of knowledge and attention in hand-feeding, excellent results are to be had, the children are as healthy and gay as possible, while without it, death or life-long delicacy will almost surely be the result.

Food is a most important subject for us at all ages, though it is not usually a matter of life or death, as it certainly is to an infant before the teeth come. We often do not give it half the attention for ourselves, however, that we give to the food that we supply to the plants in our gardens. Every generation finds out some new way of cooking or preserving food and fruit, but it also lets some other go, and there is little consideration given to this loss or gain in cooking from the scientific point of view. One of the things that we have ceased to prepare at home, and for which no satisfactory substitute has been supplied by commerce, is that variety of fruit juices and syrups that our ancestresses made. In America these are still prepared, and form a most valuable substitute for alcoholic drinks, iced in the summer and made hot in the winter. We produce in perfection several of the fruits that can be best so treated; why do we not put up, when fruits are plentiful, some bottles of fruit juice, and reap the benefit to our livers, our digestions, and consequently to our complexions, that these choice preparations of Nature's own laboratory for "purifying the blood" afford? The process is not difficult. Take the fruit and boil it in enough water to cover it, squeeze the juice out by rubbing through a sieve, and then run it through a jelly-bag; then boil up with half a pound of crushed loaf sugar to each pint of juice, and bottle while still hot; pour a few drops of good olive oil on the top unless you can rely on your corks being perfect and new, and either cork or tie bladder over as tightly as possible. It should keep the year round. The best fruits to use are currants, especially red and white ones, raspberries, and strawberries. A wineglassful of this fruit syrup to a tumbler of hot water is an excellent "nightcap" in winter, or is remarkably refreshing with a little crushed ice and soda water on a hot day.

ART NOTES.

The Royal Tasmanian Exhibition opens at Hobart Town in November. Sir Frederick Leighton is chairman of the committee for its Fine Arts section, and last week he visited Messrs. Dicksee's premises in Ryder Street to see the works collected there for transmission to Tasmania. Sir Frederick sends four small paintings, so slight that they cannot be said in any way to represent the President of the mother-country's Royal Academy. Nor have many Academicians and Associates done honour to their body, but on the whole British art in its varied ramifications is fairly shown. Mr. Gilbert Bayes sends some learnedly modelled metal bas-reliefs; English landscape—a subject which should appeal to Colonials—is worthily treated by Mr. Alfred East in "Labour and Rest," which was at the New Gallery, and by Mr. M. R. Corbet with "Spring in England." Marine paintings number among them some of Mr. Edwin Hayes' grey seas, and "Echoes of a Far-off Storm," by Mr. J. Brett, A.R.A. The Cornish school is not strongly in evidence, but Mr. Blandford Fletcher's semi-humorous "Petticoat Government" and his picture "Evicted," as well as two paintings by Mr. Frank Bourdillon, are among them. Landscape at once truthful and poetical is sent by Mr. Aumonier and by Mr. James Padgett. Mr. Briton Riviere forwards "Requiescat"; Mr. Yeames, an Italian courtyard, with figures; the President of the Royal Society of British Artists consigns one of his best cathedral interiors, "For Those at Sea"; and other artists of note who responded to the appeal from Hobart are W. P. Frith, R. W. Allan, Arnesby Brown, Owen Dalziel, J. Farquharson, H. Ollivier, F. Walton, V. P. Yglesias, Mrs. Stillman, and Miss Fanny Moody.

Five more pictures have been hung in the National Gallery since we reported that of the Ravestein, which brought the year's acquisitions up to thirty. One of the five is on loan from Lord Northbrook. It is that "Holy Family" by Sebastian del Piombo which was at the Old Masters in 1870, and again last winter. It is placed at the end of Room VII. The Virgin, in green robe, with orange-and-pink shot upper robe, the inside of which is raised over her lap, holds the Child with her left hand. Behind the Child is seen Joseph, in deep orange mantle, asleep, and behind the Virgin on the left is St. John, who looks towards Joseph and touches the Virgin's arm. The figures are almost life-size, and are of three-quarter length. It is, as may be imagined, a very impressive canvas, and well merits examination. There are but few pictures on loan since the Dilettanti Society withdrew the three by Sir Joshua Reynolds and the Duke of Norfolk recalled Holbein's portrait of Christina of Denmark. Of the eight remaining things temporarily deposited two are the palettes of Turner and of Constable, and three are paintings at present in the basement, but, as they belong to the National Portrait Gallery, it will be no great time before they leave the precincts known as "the cellars." Now that the exterior of the National Portrait Gallery is finished,

that of the interior and the arrangements of what will be its contents seem quite within measurable distance.

The four other paintings just added are a quaint little group of six figures by Le Nain, and therefore to be found in the gallery given to the French school. It is entitled "Tasting," and is presented by Mr. Lesser Lesser. Under the dome is "Tobias and the Angel," by Elsheimer, of whom there is only one other example in Trafalgar Square, and that not so brilliant a little piece as the one bequeathed by Mr. Samuel Sandars. By Andreas Cordelle Agii there has not until now been any work in the national collection. His "Marriage of St. Catherine," which had been in possession of Sir Charles Eastlake and his widow for more than forty years, is one of the five new pictures. The fifth is an anonymous gift, and is in the last room of the British side. It is "St. John leading the Virgin from the Tomb," by Dyce—not, as it seems to us, a very valuable work—and already this year a Dyce had been gained.

The conditions with which the late Mr. John Hill has saddled his bequest to the South Kensington Museum have yet to be known. Until these are accepted by the authorities the pictures and objects of art which Mr. Hill collected with love as well as money may not be regarded as national property. It is to be hoped no hitch will occur, for there is something touching in the gratitude of the testator: "I make this bequest as a token of gratitude for the pleasure and profit derived from my visits to the South Kensington Museum, and in order that my numerous relations and friends and the public generally may be enabled to inspect the works of art and vertu comprising my said collection, which have afforded me so much pleasure in collecting, with greater facility and freedom than they could do in my private residence."

Manchester Cathedral is not a marvel of beauty: it lacks consistency. Perhaps its most discordant note is the memorial window to General Gordon. Realistic portraiture and costume, even to knee-breeches and undress uniform of karkee, do not agree with the traditions of stained glass. There is something almost comic in the design for such material in such a building. Probably the incongruity will be more marked still when the new reredos given by Canon Allen is in place. Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., is at work on the figures to be introduced in the reredos, which is of cedar. Angels, archangels, and groups are to be there, as well as effigies of the saints who are patrons of the fane—St. Mary, St. George, and St. Denys.

There are possibilities in the proposed Dramatic Portrait Exhibition, but to be of value it should be very comprehensive. It should take all player-folk of repute, and even some of disrepute, from (and before) Nell Gwyn to the present time. But to this end it would be necessary to beg loans from those who are always lending. Think how many actors and actresses are among the miniatures and paintings at the Grafton Galleries, and how many have appeared within recent years at the Old Masters and the Grosvenor, besides numerous miniatures at the

Burlington Club and the Fine Art Society! The best chance of a really good dramatic portrait exhibition—which might well include relics—would be for the directorate of the Grafton to organise it.

Somewhat analogous to the regrettable incident of last year, when Sir Edward Burne-Jones's "Love among the Ruins" was irreparably injured during treatment for reproduction, is the case "Chapman v. Cadbury Jones and Co." But Mrs. Chapman did not suffer and sit still. She "had the law" of the defendants by being awarded £60 and possession of the damaged picture. The work was by Mr. N. Prescott Davies, entitled "The Dancing Girl Asleep," but after its regeneration it was to have the more popular designation of "Love's Young Dream."

The Belgian arbitrator, M. Camille Jansen, ex-Governor of the Congo Free State, has left Brussels for Chili to act as one of the three arbitrators for the settlement of the differences between Chili and Great Britain in regard to the indemnities to be paid by the former in connection with the recent Civil War.

The British Columbia sealers reserve their comments upon the settlement of the claims against the United States Government for the seizures in the Behring Sea from 1886 to 1890, until official information has been received of the amount offered by the United States. The offer of 425,000 dols., said to have been made, is declared by the sealers to be less than the actual value of the vessels and contents seized, which amounted to 490,000 dols., without interest. The general impression is that a joint commission will assess the damages.

Holiday excursionists who rush from London to Paris by the Calais or Boulogne route do not see much of France. Incomparably more interesting is either that of Dieppe or that of Havre. The Lower Seine, best viewed, of course, from the steam-boat up to Rouen, is almost as good as the Rhine for delightful scenery and for romantic or historical associations. Normandy, as well on the right bank as on the left of that noble river, is the country which to Englishmen should have the strongest attraction, and is one of the most beautiful lands in Europe. The Brighton Railway Company have arranged, from Saturday, Sept. 1, another cheap fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by way of New-haven, Dieppe, and Rouen. If any of their customers should think one week in Paris quite enough, we can assure them, from old experience, that the second week may be pleasantly and profitably spent at several riverside towns above and below Rouen, which fine city, with its grand situation, its majestic old Gothic cathedral and other churches, and the liveliness of its manufacturing prosperity, is well worthy of a visit. The Brighton Railway Company, being also the South Coast Railway Company, provides easy conveyance to the Worthing Regatta, on Sept. 5, and to the Eastbourne Regatta on Sept. 8; and on the day last mentioned, which is Saturday, a steam-boat trip from Portsmouth down the Solent, to Alum Bay and the Needles, and all round the Isle of Wight.

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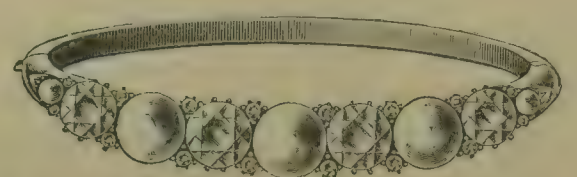
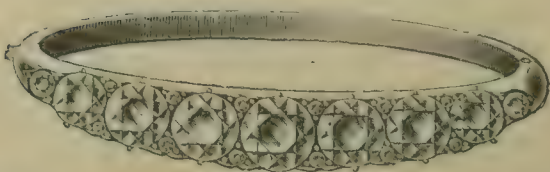
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ENGLISH SNAKES.

At the last meeting of the Zoological Society, a reptile which has achieved no small amount of notoriety was exhibited. It was produced by the secretary, Dr. P. L. Selater, from the inside of a tin tobacco-box, and when disclosed was found to be about six inches in length, and rather less in girth than a common earth-worm. It was the snake which had been discovered in Regent's Park by a well-known popular artist, who described the exciting capture in the *Times* of June 12. The chairman, Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, expressed his satisfaction at having seen the specimen, which, he said, judging by the accounts that had been written regarding it, and the excitement it had occasioned, might have been as large as an anaconda. The snake discovered by Mr. Harry Furniss is one known to naturalists under the title of the Smooth Snake, with the scientific name of *Coronella levis*. It is a rather rare English species, occurring generally in the southern counties, and it has received its name from the scales being perfectly smooth, not having, as in the common snake, a ridge or keel down the centre of each. A specimen of this smooth snake was sent by the Hon. Arthur Russell to the British Museum some thirty-five years ago, and little more was known of it for some years, when Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, published an account in which he stated that a gentleman stopped him in Regent's Park and gave him a snake for the Gardens, which turned out to be one of this species. The smooth snake frequents stony tracks, is perfectly harmless, feeds generally, when adult, on mice and lizards, and is of a very tame and companionable nature. It is common in many parts of the Continent, although rare in England. It is singular that, unlike our common snake, the young are produced alive. Dr. Günther had a large one which he fed on lizards. For those who like making pets of reptiles the smooth snake, which may be readily obtained on the Continent, is not an undesirable companion.

There are three other snakes in England; the common species, the spotted snake of Shakspeare, may be found in most places near water, as it feeds almost exclusively on frogs. It is readily distinguished by its lighter colour and the broad transverse band of yellow at the junction of the head and neck, and when mature by its large size, occasionally reaching a length of four feet. It usually deposits its eggs, which are rather larger than those of the sparrow, and encased in a soft membrane in place of a shell, in the genial warmth of a dung-hill. The young have to shift for themselves, and commence feeding on insects and very young frogs. The manner in which a mature snake succeeds in capturing and swallowing a full-sized frog is very remarkable. It glides quickly after its victim, which leaps away bound after bound, seizing it usually by one of the hinder legs, and proceeds to swallow it alive, so that if the snake is killed and cut open the frog escapes absolutely uninjured. The manner in which the swallowing is accomplished is noteworthy. Putting a quart of wine into a pint bottle would appear an easier problem, for the bulk of the frog is many times

larger than the neck of the snake down which it has to descend, and the head of the snake is not larger than the top of one's finger. The jaws, however, are easily dislocated, separating not only at the joints but at the centre in front, so that the two sides act independently. Having seized the frog with its very small teeth, which are pointed backwards, the snake holds it securely by one side of the jaw, the other side relaxes and is pushed higher up the limb of the victim. This then closes and holds tightly, when the first side is pushed on, and in this way the whole limb is engulfed.

Both of these species are perfectly harmless; but we have one snake, the common adder or viper, which is known by a series of zigzag dark markings extending down the centre of the back, which is a representative of the poisonous snakes that are so common in tropical countries. In England, the adder is usually found, not in wet places where frogs abound, but on dry heaths and sunny uplands, feeding usually on mice and shrews. When alarmed, it throws itself into a coil, drawing back the head and neck, and strikes with the poisoned fangs in the upper jaw against the animal it wishes to wound. In this country the poison of the viper is very rarely fatal, though one or two examples are on record; but it is sufficiently active to produce serious symptoms, especially in delicate persons. Alcoholic and ammoniacal stimuli, such as hartshorn and water, are the best remedies. Its young are always produced alive, being fully developed before the eggs are laid.

One other English snake of a very peculiar construction remains. It is the common slow or blind worm, a short, grey, shining animal, that approaches in its anatomy to the lizards, having the rudiments of legs concealed beneath the skin, and being possessed of eyelids, which do not exist in any snake, nor are the jaws distensible as in serpents, so that it may be regarded as a lizard without legs. This little species feeds on the small white slugs so common in fields and gardens, and though perfectly harmless, it suffers from an ill name, is usually believed to be poisonous, and is killed in consequence, whereas as a destroyer of slugs its action is exceedingly beneficial.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.

On Aug. 27, in Goole Docks, a singular accident took place. Seventy iron compartment boats, laden with coal, belonging to the Aire and Calder Navigation Company, sank in the Germany Dock. It is supposed that one of them became leaky and sank, dragging down the remainder, which were attached.

On Sunday, Aug. 26, in several hundred chapels connected with the Wesleyan Methodist denomination farewell discourses were delivered by circuit ministers who, in accordance with the decisions of the recent Conference at Birmingham, this week remove to new spheres of labour. With the first week of September the new Connexional year of ministerial service begins. These removals involve the payment of some thousands of pounds to the various railway companies for the transport of household furniture.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

Sir William Coutts Keppel, seventh Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Bury, and Baron Ashford of Ashford, P.C., K.C.M.G., died on Aug. 28. He was born April 15, 1832, and was educated at Eton, entering the Scots Guards in 1849. Resigning his commission, he became private secretary to Lord John Russell.

In 1857 he entered Parliament as Liberal member for Norwich, which he represented till 1859, when he was appointed Treasurer of the Royal Household. In the following year he was returned for Wick, which he represented till 1865; he was member for Berwick 1868-74. He married, Nov. 15, 1855, Sophia Mary, second daughter of the Hon. Sir Allan Napier McNab, Bart., Prime Minister of Canada. He filled the office of Under-Secretary for War 1878-80. He was called to the House of Lords in his father's Barony, Sept. 5, 1876, and succeeded his father Feb. 21, 1891. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Bury, who was born June 1, 1858. The new Peer has represented Birkenhead in the Conservative interest since 1892.

THE HON. LOUIS HOPE.

The Hon. Louis Hope, formerly a Captain in the Coldstream Guards, died at Geneva, on Aug. 15. The deceased was the seventh son of the late John, third Earl of Hopetoun, in the Peerage of Scotland, and was born on Oct. 29, 1817. He married, at Sydney, New South Wales, in 1859, Susan Frances Sophia, the elder daughter of Mr. William John Dumaesq, late Captain in the Royal Staff Corps, and has left issue three sons and five daughters. Mr. Hope was cousin to the late Mr. James Robert Hope-Scott, Q.C., of Abbotsford, who married a granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. The first Scottish settler of the Hope family is supposed to have come over from France in the suite of Magdalené, Queen of James V. of Scotland.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Captain Alan Brodrick Thomas, of the Royal Navy, Companion of the Most Honourable (Military) Order of the Bath, on Aug. 17, at Wiston Park, Steyning, Sussex, aged fifty. After a meritorious naval career, he was appointed two years since captain of the *Britannia* training-ship.

Admiral Robert Jenkins, of the Royal Navy, Companion of the Most Honourable (Military) Order of the Bath, on Aug. 22, at Charlton Hill, Shrewsbury. He retired in 1880, after forty-two years of active service.

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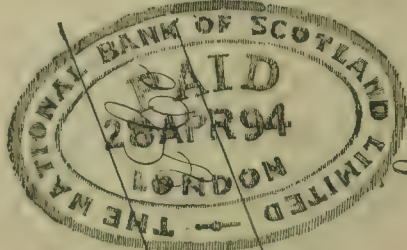
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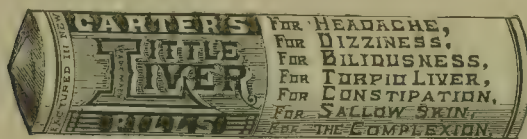
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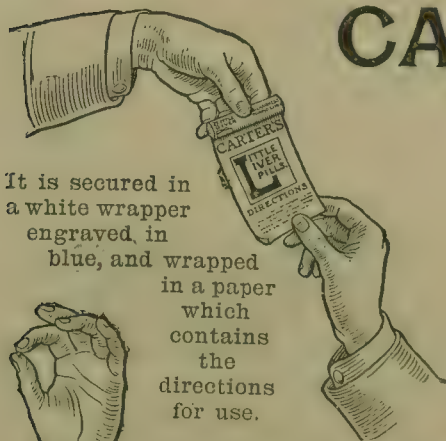


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the general disposition and settlement (dated June 16, 1890) of the Right Hon. John Trotter Bethune, Earl of Lindsay, who died at Kilconquhar House, Fifeshire, on May 12, granted to the Right Hon. Jean Eudoxie, Countess of Lindsay, the widow, the executrix nominate, was revealed in London on Aug. 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £16,000.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1892) of Mr. Fritz Berns, of Penanroz, Bramley Hill, South Croydon, who died on July 26, was proved on Aug. 18 by Ralph Collingwood Forster, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Emma Berns; £5000 to his daughter Elly, and a like sum to each after-born child; his collection of engraved gems and Roman and Greek antiquities, including gold jewels, to his brother Carl; an annuity of £100 to his father, Franz Berns; £1000, upon trust, for his nephews Franz Joseph Berns and Albert Berns; the debt owing to him by his brother-in-law, George Teipel, to be divided between his said brother-in-law's children; and £250 each (to be increased to £350 if the aggregate value of his estate after payment of debts, &c., amounts to £40,000, and to £500 if the aggregate value amounts to £50,000) to his nephews and nieces. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife during life or widowhood, and if she should marry again to pay her the income of one moiety thereof. Subject thereto he gives the residue to all his children.

The will (dated June 4, 1887), with two codicils (dated Feb. 25, 1889, and April 2, 1894), of Mr. Robert Cordy Baxter, of Hethersett Reigate, architect, who died on July 1, was proved on Aug. 20 by Mrs. Catherine Jane Baxter, and Captain John Cordy Baxter, retired R.E., the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £50,000. The testator gives £500 and all the household furniture and effects at his domestic establishment to his wife; £1500 per annum to her for life or widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again an annuity of £500; and legacies to children, and also to relatives and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nine children in equal shares, but various amounts are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated July 28, 1893) of Mr. John Watt, of The Maples, Kidbrook Park Road, Kidbrook, Kent, secretary to Courage and Company, Limited, who died on July 30, was proved on Aug. 16 by Mrs. Emma Watt, the widow, Richard Ernest Watt, the son, and Mrs. Sophia Evelyn Saunders, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths £300, and all his plate, pictures, books,

furniture, and household effects to his wife; £50 each to his trustees; and £100 each to his four children, Sophia Evelyn, James Albert, Richard Ernest, and Constance Mabel. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then as to £3000 each, upon trust, for his said four children, and £5000, upon trust, for his son John Hay. The ultimate residue he gives to his children Sophia Evelyn, James Albert, Richard Ernest, and Constance Mabel, in equal shares.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Jan. 16, 1892) of Mr. Thomas Philip Atkins, of Bank of Ireland Quay, Waterford, who died on April 26, granted to Mrs. Susan Atkins, the widow, and Heyward Thomas St. Leger Atkins, the son, the executors, was revealed in London on Aug. 16, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £23,000. The testator gives all his property at Whitechurch, County Cork, and £7000 to his said son; £1000 to his daughter Mrs. Josephine Gilmore; £300 to his cousin Rebecca Allin; and £500 to Margaret W. Allan. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life and then for his said son.

The will (dated July 11, 1877), with a codicil (dated Aug. 1, 1879), of Dame Sarah Eliza Le Marchant, of 2, West Eaton Place, who died on March 7, was proved on Aug. 2 by Sir Henry Denis Le Marchant, Bart., and Francis Charles Le Marchant, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testatrix appoints certain trust funds, under settlement, to her son and daughter, Francis Charles and Helen Augusta; and there are numerous specific bequests to sons, daughter, and daughter-in-law; and pecuniary legacies to godchildren, relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her estate and effects, real and personal, she gives to her three children in equal shares.

The will of Colonel John Cutts Lockwood, J.P., formerly 20th Hussars, of Kingham, Oxfordshire, who died on June 22, was proved on Aug. 15 by Mrs. Jessie Elizabeth Lockwood, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2689.

The holograph will, as contained in five separate papers, of M. Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, the celebrated French artist, a member of the Institute and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, of 131, Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, was proved in London on Aug. 18 by Pierre Maurice Rüffer, the attorney of Jean Charles Emmanuel Meissonier, the son and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate in this country amounting to £943. The testator bequeaths a small picture, "L'Attente," representing a man looking out of his window, exhibited at the Universal Exhibition of 1867, which he had never thought proper to part with for any money that had been offered to him for it, and a picture of a woman in a white satin dress singing while a young man accompanies her on a

monochord, which he had never thought proper to finish, liking it better in its present state, to the Louvre; and he charges his children to seal up in a box without reading certain letters and papers, and convey them to the Institute, and they are not to be opened for thirty years after his death. His children being entitled by law to a portion of his estate, the other bequests of the will, principally relating to pictures, are in favour of his wife, Elizabeth Bezanson.

A monument in honour of M. Testelin, the Commissary of National Defence of France in the Northern Departments during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870-71, has been unveiled at Lille, M. Testelin's birthplace.

The conference minutes of the Methodist New Connexion show that in the eleven districts into which the churches are divided there are 448 chapels in England, 9 in Ireland, and 86 in China. There are 1388 preachers and 36,862 church members (an increase of 359). In the 487 Sunday-schools there are 11,067 teachers and 84,561 pupils.

The Rev. Prebendary Kempe, who is retiring from the living of St. James's, Piccadilly, has been for many years one of the most highly respected of the London clergy. He has not been much known to the public at large; but among dignitaries and leading Churchmen generally his influence has been considerable. Whenever any great ecclesiastical question has been agitating the public mind, he has gathered round him at his church conferences men of varying shades of opinion, and although discussion has been free and animated, the result has always been to draw men of divergent views closer together. It will be a great loss to the Church if these conferences are allowed to come to a close in consequence of his resignation, although they must necessarily lose something of their spirit and power by the withdrawal of his unique personality. Prebendary Kempe has spent the greater part of his ministerial life in London. He was ordained to the curacy of Tavistock in 1833, but he migrated to the metropolis ten years later, and for the last half-century he has been a potent force in Church life and work. He held a curacy at Chipping Barnet for three years, and in 1846 he was appointed to the living of St. John's, St. Pancras, and subsequently to that of St. Barnabas, Kensington. By this time he had acquired a considerable reputation, and it created no surprise when, in 1853, Dr. Jackson was preferred from St. James's, Piccadilly, to the Bishopric of Lincoln, that Mr. Kempe was chosen by the Crown for the vacant living. He was appointed to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1861 (a position he still retains), and he became Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty in 1864. But these honours were not a very adequate recognition of his useful work. It has been the Church's loss that he has not been made an English bishop.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

An alarming landslide, with the subsequent bursting of a dam that confined the water of a stream forming a temporary lake, has taken place in the Himalayan region of Northern India. It is an accident much resembling those which may be remembered in England and in the United States of America—the bursting of the Holmfirth Reservoir, near Sheffield, thirty years ago, and that of the Conemaugh River, in West Pennsylvania, at a more recent period. In the district of Garhwal, between Hurdwar, the Hindoo sacred city on the Upper Ganges, and the frontier of Tibet, a stream called the Birahi Gunga flows into the Alaknanda, near the village of Gohna. A year ago, the side of the hill fell into the bed of this stream, in a narrow valley, and dammed it up, forming a lake nearly three miles long, at an elevation 5850 ft. above the sea-level. The basin has been filled, by the rains and melting of snows, with an immense mass of water, by the force of which the dam has now been cut through, and on Aug. 26 the water poured like a huge cataract through the valley. This event had been foreseen for months, and the Indian Government took ample

precautions to avert disaster. Engineers were stationed to watch the progress of the water; telegraph communication was established with all the villages likely to be endangered; and trains were prepared to fetch away the villagers in case of necessity. The engineers were enabled, by excellent telegraph arrangements, to give them timely warning, and by the time the dam at length burst, all the inhabitants of the valley had reached places of safety. The flood in the Ganges valley at Hurdwar has attained immense proportions. But there will be no such deplorable loss of life as in England and in America from very similar accidents. The India Public Works Department is ever on the alert.

Mr. Horace Seymour, Deputy Chairman of the Board of Customs, will succeed Sir Charles Fremantle, K.C.B., as Deputy Master of the Mint.

Near Seattle, in the United States territory of Washington, bordering on British Columbia, a colliery gas explosion, at the Franklin mine, on Aug. 24, killed thirty-seven men.

St. Moritz, in the Engadine, where the Duchess of York, with her mother, the Duchess of Teck, and her brother, Prince Alexander of Teck, were staying, was on Tuesday, Aug. 28, visited with a conflagration which

destroyed six buildings. The Hotel Victoria, at which their Royal Highnesses lodged, was not injured. They left St. Moritz next day.

While a yachting regatta was proceeding at St. John, New Brunswick, some days ago, a sudden squall struck the yachts engaged in a race, and one was capsized, eight men being drowned.

The eightieth birthday of Professor Ernst Curtius, of Berlin, the eminent Greek scholar, will be observed on Sept. 14 at the Museum of Olympia, in Greece, by the unveiling of a marble bust in commemoration of the services rendered by that learned German to Greek history and archaeology, especially inducing the German Government to undertake the excavations at Olympia.

Behanzin, the ex-King of Dahomey, is about to embrace the Roman Catholic faith. It is said that he listens attentively to the exposition of the Scriptures, and that he recently gave a donation towards the erection of a church at Fort de France. When M. Carnot was assassinated, the ex-King ordered a Mass for the repose of his soul. He was greatly affected by the murder of the late President, and it is affirmed that he has been in a low state of health ever since.

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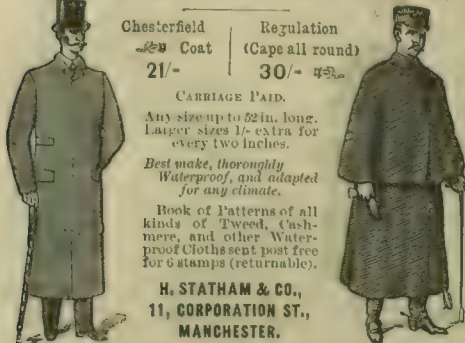
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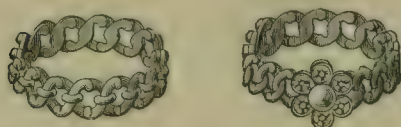
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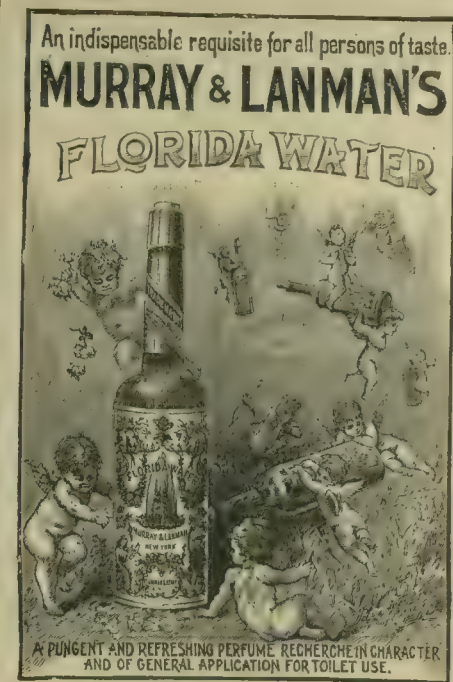
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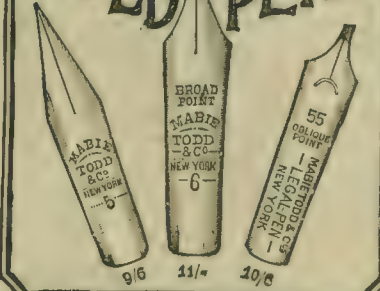
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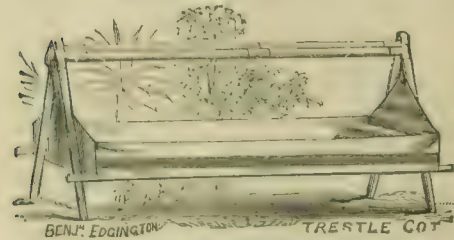
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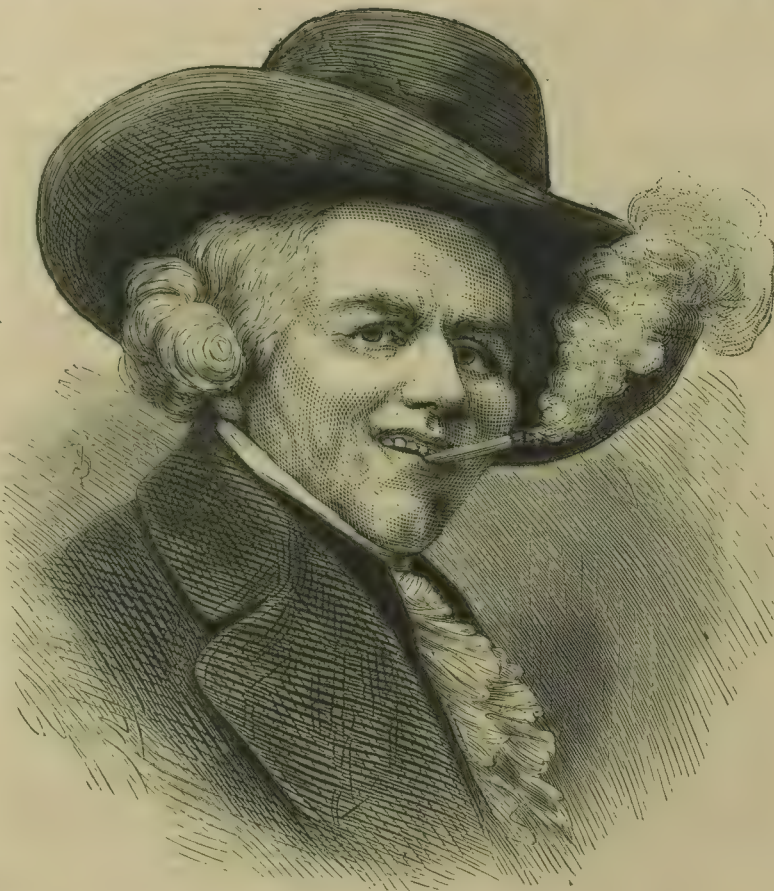
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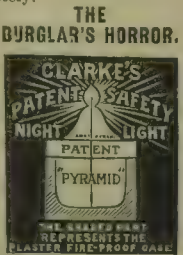
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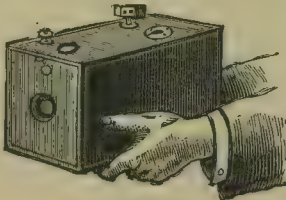


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IT is difficult to say what constitutes the attraction of international exhibitions in general to the average layman. Of course, from a commercial point of view, they are of value to those engaged in trade by affording them much valuable information as to the improvements adopted and advances made by competitive nations, and by clearly making out each man's actual position in the struggle for life by suiting supply to demand. But for a more ordinary average Englishman, bent on having his fortnight's holiday, the idea of spending it at an exhibition for the sake of the exhibition can present no such attractions as those

different judgments being delivered about the same place. In any case, I think no one is self-sacrificing enough to say: "Oh, well, a lot of money has been spent to attract me to this Exhibition, and 'en bon prince' I will go over to enable them to make something out of me." People are too selfish for that, and if, as Gilbert says, "constabulary duty's to be done, a policeman's lot is not a happy one," on the same plea people prefer rather to push others forward than to sacrifice themselves on the altar of Sandford and Merton. "Il faut pourtant des gens pour aller dans le monde," Renan, the celebrated writer of the "Life of Jesus," is said to have remarked, "autrement nous serions forcés d'y aller."

It seems to me, however, that exhibitions, in whatever shape or frame they may be presented to the public, are always considered as a pill that is difficult to swallow, unless made up of three parts of amusement and one part of information. An exhibition at Paris will always be a success, owing to the never-ending attractions of "la ville lumière" herself and the wonderful and artistic manner in which the Parisians, and they alone, know how to present things to attract the public; and an exhibition at Antwerp will always be a failure, at least as far as its drawing powers are concerned, so long as the exhibition authorities, who formed it as a purely commercial speculation, and let the space with great advantage to themselves, provide no attractions and spend no money to draw the masses to their Exhibition. By this I do not wish to say that the Exhibition in itself has no merit. Far from it; for though, of course, there is a great deal of lumber that is inevitable in every exhibition, there are a great number of highly meritorious exhibits which are well worth a careful study and minute consideration. Then, of course, the town

admirably fitted up, and the food is beyond reproach and reasonably priced. In winter-time I should certainly travel by that line, if only out of sentiment for their charming Continental traffic manager, William Forbes, jun. But in the summer, I think I prefer the Great Eastern route via Harwich, from Liverpool Street. You have your dinner comfortably, and 8.30 sees you steaming out of Liverpool Street; you have a comfortable sleep on board, and you wake up as fresh as paint and find yourself in sight of Antwerp, with its expanse of roofs of every description—high and pointed, flat and dingy, and again formed step-like and mounting like a staircase upwards; and over all towers, with its graceful designs woven and standing out thread-like against the rainy sky like the web of some gigantic spider, the old grey and venerable cathedral of the town. This cathedral, the Church of Our Lady, dates from the year 1124, although it may be more fairly considered a work of the fourteenth century. Its college of canons had been founded in another locality by Godfrey of Bouillon. The Brabantine hero, who so romantically incarnated the religious poetry of his age, who first mounted the walls of redeemed Jerusalem, and was its first Christian monarch, but who refused to accept a golden diadem on the spot where the Saviour had been crowned with thorns; the Fleming who lived and was the epic which Tasso, the great Italian poet, centuries after, translated into immortal verse, is thus fitly associated with the beautiful architectural poem which was to grace his ancestral realms. The beautiful façade, with its tower,



THE GRAND HOTEL, ANTWERP.

that St. Anthony is supposed to have undergone. A dim vista of long seemingly never-ending galleries rises before his mind's eye; a jumble of thousands of show-cases and exhibits, the different information about which he sets himself, if he is a novice at exhibitions, to grasp within the mapped-out space of a day or two, and, of course, carries away nothing with him but a splitting headache and a hopeless tangle of beef and buttons, of wine and worsteds, carriages and candles, coloured with the fortuitous incidents as to whether he met Brown, Jones, or Robinson, and as to whether the weather and his digestion were good, bad, or indifferent at the time. "Il n'y a pas de mauvais gens," said a French philosopher; "il n'y a seulement de mauvais estomacs"—and poor Carlyle, who himself was such a sufferer, was always insisting that the soul of man was, in accordance with the Eskimo creed, in his stomach. But the haphazard feelings of a few units do not make up the sum total of those sitting in judgment on the value of a particular exhibition, although it accounts for so many

of Antwerp itself is well worth a visit, and really is so close to London, and the communication is so excellent and cheap, that it is but little odds to a man if, instead of spending his week-end in Brighton or Hastings, he spends it in Antwerp. If he be a stranger to the Continent it will brighten him up, sweep his insular prejudice away, and serve as a stepping stone for future trips. He need not bother himself about his French, as he will find the people far more eager to speak English than he is to speak French. There are several routes to choose from; the London, Chatham, and Dover, via Flushing, is certainly a good one: the accommodation is excellent; the Zeeland Steam-ship Company's boats are



NEW ARRIVALS AT THE GRAND HOTEL, ANTWERP.

was not completed till the year 1518. The exquisite and daring spire, the gigantic stem, upon which the consummate flower of this architectural creation was to be at last unfolded, was a plant of a whole century's growth. Rising to a height of nearly five hundred feet, over a church of as



A WAITRESS IN OLD ANTWERP.

many feet in length, it worthily represents the upward tendency of Gothic architecture. Externally and internally, the cathedral is a true expression of the Christian principle of devotion. Amid its vast accumulation of imagery, its endless ornaments, its multiplicity of episodes, its infinite variety of details, the central maternal principle is ever visible—everything points upwards, from the spire in the clouds to the arch which enshrines the smallest sculptured saint in the chapels below. It is a sanctuary, not like pagan temples, to enclose a visible deity, but an edifice where mortals may worship an unseen Being in the realms above. This is the description of the beautiful edifice by the talented author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and describing it as it stood in the sixteenth century, he continues: "The church, with the noisy streets of the metropolis eddying round its walls, was a sacred island in the tumultuous main. Through the perpetual twilight, tall columnar trunks in thick profusion grew from a floor checkered with lights and shadows. Each shaft of the forest rose to a preternatural height, the many branches intermingling in the space above to form a stately canopy. Foliage, flowers, and fruit of colossal luxuriance, strange birds, beasts, griffins, and chimeras in endless multitudes, the rank vegetation and the fantastic zoology of a fabulous world, seemed to decorate and animate the serried trunks and pendent branches, whilst the shattering symphonies or dying murmurs of the organ suggested the rushing of the wind through the forest—now the full diapason of the storm and now the gentle cadence of the evening breeze."



THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN LION, OLD ANTWERP.

"Internally the church was rich beyond expression—all that opulent devotion could devise, in wood, bronze, marble, silver, gold, precious jewellery or sacramental furniture had been profusely lavished. The penitential tears of centuries had incrustated the whole interior with their glittering stalactites. Divided into five naves, with external rows of chapels, but separated by no screens or partitions, the great temple forming an imposing whole, the effect was more impressive, the vistas almost infinite in appearance. The wealthy citizens, the twenty-seven guilds, the six military associations, the rhythmical colleges, besides many other secular or religious sodalities, had their own chapels and altars. Tombs adorned with the effigies of mailed crusaders and pious dames covered the floor, tattered banners hung in the air, the escutcheons of the Golden Fleece, an order typical of Flemish industry, but of which Emperors and Kings were proud to be chevaliers, decorated the columns. The vast and beautifully painted windows glowed with Scriptural scenes, antique portraits, homely allegories painted in those brilliant and forgotten colours which art has not ceased to deplore. The daylight melting into gloom or coloured with fantastic brilliancy, priests in effulgent robes chanting in unknown language, the sublime breathing of choral music, the suffocating odours of myrrh and spikenard, suggestive of the Oriental scenery and imagery of Holy Writ, all combined to bewilder and exalt the senses. The highest and humblest seemed to find themselves upon the same level within those sacred precincts, where even the bloodstained criminal was secure, and the arm of secular justice was paralysed."

The revival of the architectural splendour of Antwerp in the sixteenth century, its ancient houses, its jousts, its pageantries, its dress and its customs, is the great attraction, the *clou*, of the Antwerp Exhibition. And deservedly so. In the sixteenth century the chief city of the Netherlands,

the commercial capital of the world, was Antwerp. In the north and east of Europe the Hanseatic League had withered with the revolution in commerce. At the south, the splendid marble channels through which the overland India trade had been conducted from the Mediterranean by a few stately cities were now dry, the great aqueducts ruinous and deserted. Verona, Venice, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Bruges, were sinking; but Antwerp, with its deep and convenient river, stretched its arm to the ocean, and caught the golden prize as it fell from its sister cities' grasp. The city was so ancient that its genealogists, with ridiculous gravity, ascended to a period centuries before the Trojan War, and discovered a giant rejoicing in the classic name of Antigonos established on the Scheldt. This patriarch exacted one half the merchandise of all navigators who passed his castle, and was accustomed to amputate and cast into the river the right hands of those who infringed this simple tariff. Thus "Handwerpen," hand-throwing, became "Antwerp," and hence two hands in the escutcheon of the city were ever held up in heraldic attestation of the truth. The giant was in his turn thrown into the Scheldt by a hero named Brabo, from whose exploits Brabant derived its name: "de quo Brabonica tellus." But for these antiquarian researches a simpler derivation of the name would seem "ant'werf,"—on the wharf. It had now become the principal entrepôt and exchange of Europe. The Fuggers, Velsens, Ostetts of Germany, the Gualterotti and Bonvisi of Italy, and many other great mercantile houses were there established. No city, except Paris, surpassed it in population; none approached it in commercial splendour. Its government was very free. The sovereign, as Marquis of Antwerp, was solemnly sworn to govern according to the ancient charters and laws. The Stadholder, as his representative, shared his authority with the four estates of the city. The condition of the population was prosperous. There were but few poor, and those did not seek, but were sought by the almoners. The schools were excellent and cheap. It was difficult to find a child of sufficient age who could not read, write, and speak at least two languages. The sons of the wealthier citizens completed their education at Louvain, Douay, Paris, or Padua.

The city itself was one of the most beautiful in Europe. Placed upon a plain along the banks of the Scheldt, shaped like a bent bow with the river for its string, it enclosed within its walls some of the most splendid edifices in Christendom, and thus it has been faithfully reproduced by the celebrated painter Frans van Kuyck and Mr. Max Rooses, the curator of the earliest printing press in Europe, at the Musée Plantin, one of the most beautiful and interesting old houses it has ever been my lot to see. The plaintive and old-world wail of pipe and cornemuse is wafted across the roughly paved market place as I write, and the dull roll of the big drums, the braying blare of trumpets strike my ear as the night-watch, in their slashed scarlet jerkins, wide breeches, and stiff white ruffles, with dull-gleaming halberd on shoulder, march with a heavy tramp through the time-grey town, lit on their way by flaring torches, that cast strange shadows on the old-fashioned walls and up unexpected corners; and awakening the echoes from the wooden-fronted, peak-roofed houses, brave in their forged iron signs and their wells, from the yawning Kipdorp Gate, the raised portcullis, the uneven jutting ledges and sills, and making tremble even the little window-panes of lead-secured bottle-green glass of the frowning Town Hall. Go and see this as I did from the Town Hall windows, while mine host Herr Vaessin provides you with an excellent lunch at very reasonable prices, and a glass of excellent Rhine wine in the cunningly fashioned high green goblet to boot. Strange it sounds to hear him tell you in fluent English that he has been conducting a large restaurant at the Chicago Exhibition; and here to talk of chops and steaks and entrées with the gloomy old town around you, and your sight and brain filled with mediæval history. Still the double-headed deep black eagle of the House of Austria, with its haughty motto, "Plus Oultre," crowns the gate; still the fear of the heavy hand of the great campaigner, Charles V., hangs over this old-fashioned town of the sixteenth century, and yet he who held the greater part of the civilised world in his grasp could not in his voluntary retreat get a few paltry clocks to go to time.



THE KIPDORP GATE, OLD ANTWERP.

Old memories float around the trim-cut Flemish gardens round the vaulted and pillared Exchange, in whose prototype daily five thousand merchants congregated, the forerunner of all similar establishments throughout the world; it makes one think of the capacious mole and port, the outlets for the trade of Antwerp, where 2500 vessels were often seen at once, and where 500 made their daily entrance or departure—establishments which it would have been difficult to rival in any other part of the world. Here you can see the gaudily gilded, flimsy style, already, of a later period, much contrasting in its garishness with the noble architecture around; and everywhere one is reminded of "joyous entries," of commercial predominance, of fanatical oppression by Holy Inquisition and bloodthirsty Alva, of noble William the Silent, of the sturdy people oppressed, that for centuries struggled and at last shook off the yoke of the Spanish invader. It is with a sigh that I quit this so pleasant spot, where I fain would have lingered for a space, at home with historical memories. But the world is no longer ruled by the rack of the Inquisition and the halberds of its janitors, and the resistless march of commerce, with all its wonderful modern developments, draws us with it in its resistless advance.

The great point, if you wish to enjoy yourself while travelling, is to stay at a first-class hotel, where you are sure to be comfortable. The prices among good hotels are much the same. The Grand Hotel in Antwerp is quite reasonable as regards the same, and the only proud possessor of a lift. The proprietor, Mr. Schoeffer-Wiertz, is quite a young fellow, but he understands his business, and in consequence the place is so crowded that anyone requiring rooms, notwithstanding that there are 150 of them, must



MINE HOST OF THE TOWN HALL (SIXTEENTH CENTURY COSTUME).

write at least several days beforehand. The old-fashioned garden, with its fragrant bowers, is very pleasant to sit and smoke in and drink one's coffee in the cool of the evening; while some of the principal apartments, especially those occupied by the Lord Mayor on his visit to Antwerp, are magnificent in their blue and white ornaments and Corinthian pillars, being exact copies of the royal bed-chambers in the palace at Fontainebleau. The Grand Hotel is greatly visited by English and Americans; in fact, the influx of visitors during this Exhibition time has been so great that they have had to turn many away. I do not know if the story is true that an anxious guest one morning claiming his bill was asked where he had slept, and replied querulously that he had been obliged to sleep on the billiard table. "One franc fifty an hour," said Mr. Schoeffer-Wiertz promptly. Next, please! Anyhow, "se non è vero, è ben trovato," and illustrates well the present state of things.

Down in the courtyard of the hotel everyone is inquiring their way to the Exhibition. All you have to do is to charter a tram which passes the door of the hotel, and for fifteen centimes (1½d.) it brings you comfortably along the long green avenue with the Exhibition at the end. You pay your franc and are let in to the gardens of Paradise, as the Exhibition authorities think. The façade is rather pretty, but flimsy, as not enough was spent on it to make it solid. However, the general view is very taking. The lawns are tastefully laid out; the flowers and shrubs lending enchantment to the view. The grounds of the Exhibition extend over about 150 acres, on which there are eighty different buildings. The main structure, with its great central dome, is 1500 ft. in length, decorated in colours with majolica. It contains, in the centre, the Belgian part of the industrial exhibition; to the left, the German and British sections, with that of Canada, and the department of "Art Militaire"; to the right, France, Russia, Austria, Hungary, and Italy; beyond which, at a turning in the direction of the line of building, are the Navigation or Maritime section, and those of Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Norway, Bulgaria, Persia, Japan and China, the United States of America, and the Netherlands, or Holland. The Machine Gallery is at the east end of this main range of building. In the grounds or gardens, in front of it, are the "American Propaganda," the interesting historical reproduction of "Old Antwerp," and the spacious Fine Arts Galleries. To the left are the Turkish, Syrian, and Egyptian quarters,



PERFORMERS ON THE NORTH TYPE-WRITER COMPANY'S MACHINES.

INTERIOR OF THE EXHIBITION.

It is a curious thing that, as a general rule, the form in which products of a trade are presented to you at exhibitions is not sufficiently attractive to arrest a layman's interest. Shopping is one of those kinds of pastime which people only indulge in when they wish to purchase a certain object—I refer to rational people, whose time is of some account, not to ladies of fashion—and for that object they know exactly where to go, and can follow their own sweet will. Now, exhibitions, I take it, represent nothing but a collection of shops, with this exception—that once you enter the magic portal you have to see them all, note them all in a kind of perpetual obsession, until knives, sweets, clothes, pictures, ropes, wines, harness, carriages, and everything else composing the wants of modern civilisation are jumbled up in a sort of *Hexentanz* in your bewildered brain. "Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate," should be fitly inscribed on the portal, as there are but few exhibits really worth seeing from an artistic as well as an educational point of view. These reflections forced themselves upon me while passing through the Exhibition.

I was wandering idly about, getting a kaleidoscopic view of the Exhibition in general, when I was attracted by a crowd of all sorts and conditions of information-seeking Belgians, from little slips of supercilious boys to plethoric old priests and red-coated sons of Mars, with their be-ribboned *Trouwen*, round a stand, the contents of which I could not see. But the whirr and the clicking, like that of some gigantic bumble-bee, told me its tale of woe and of typewriting. Perhaps I should have said the noise rather resembled the pleasing chirrup of a cricket than the boom of a bumble-bee or the "click, bang, bang, bang" of a triple-condensing-twin-screw-10,000-horsepower-ocean-steamer kind of noise that drives me distracted over so many machines. There are certain eclectic affinities in the way of noises and smells which are fish to one man and poison to another. Goethe grew faint at the smell of roses; Schiller always kept a desk full of rotten apples to refresh himself by an occasional whiff; Mark Twain's brain was besieged with the diabolic incantation of "Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passengere"; and I, to whom ideas come but slowly, unless full scope is given them by the absence of noises—even such as emitted by the humble coster or the matutinal milkman—have blessed many a time, in all his generations, the inventor who reduced noise to a minimum in North's typewriting machine—the only English machine existing. It was launched by that wizard Colonel North, and is now managed by the fostering care of Mr. A. G. Comrie. I knew it at once; not by the effulgent nickel-plated machine in its glass house destined for the King of the Belgians, shining, as C. S. Calverley would put it, "like a star o'er wintry seas"; not by being reminded of the fact that the Prince of Wales, the Khedive, and likewise the Executive Committee of this Exhibition—may their shadow never grow less!—had used it; I knew it by the sufferings it had cured from my manifold use of other typewriting machines.

"He laughs at scars who never felt a wound," and no one can tell the qualities of a typewriter until he has tried several. Have you ever written on a machine, gentle reader—or, rather, writer—when, on letting loose the flow of your impassioned eloquence, you are aghast, on lifting up the carriage, to find that one line is written over another, making both equally unreadable? That cannot happen to you here, because the writing is visible all the way. Have you never, as a beginner, fumbled over a big keyboard in despair, and when you have mastered a few positions still the cry is, "They come," and you have a host of others to learn? Quite impossible here, for you have a Universal keyboard, that simple friend which is to its clumsy companion as the English alphabet to the Chinese. Any size of sentence, this is made for, and any size of paper, from a brief sheet which on the *lucens a non lucendo* principle is far from brief, to a little perfumed pink slip penned to your mistress' eyebrow. If you are a clergyman, you can use sermon-paper; if an advertiser, you may employ bill-posters; if a tradesman, invoices. How many times when I have been far away from the aid of any civilised typewriting company's aid have I surveyed my machine, spoken to it gently, wheedled it, and apostrophised it in unchristianlike language as I

pinched my fingers, and the thing stood and looked at me and wouldn't work! It would do everything, jump through a hoop, lie down, eat out of your hand, but do what you wanted to, it wouldn't. And what a relief it is to find here a machine where every part is interchangeable and you can have a duplicate, with instructions how to adjust it and



THE BRASSERIE NATIONALE DE SAINT-ETIENNE ET MALTERIE GALLIA.

fix it to the machine! The removal of the carriage is likewise an important feature, facilitating repairs and unknown in American machines: all this you can do with North's typewriter. But this is not all. In American machines it takes twice as long to do columns of figures as with the pen; with North's machine columns of figures can be done twice as quickly, so if you want to know how much you owe, the North's machine will tell you four times as quickly as any other. There was a City man the other day who must have been trying conclusions with a North's typewriter. "When I started life," he said pompously, "my worldly possessions amounted to sixpence, and look at me now!" "Well, where are you

I come to a standstill before the trophy of the Brasserie Nationale de Saint-Etienne et Malterie Gallia, harmoniously, prettily arranged, of light-coloured brass-bound beer-casks, in the interstices of which nestles soft green moss, and around which twine leaves of the fragrant vine. Is it that sight-seeing brings my mind with an awful longing to cool draughts of amber beer? Surely I am not under the thrall of Gambrinus so entirely, and it is the real harmony of disposition, tasteful blending of colour, and the finely modelled bust of France in her Phrygian cap, that cause me to be impressed and stand still and examine! What a might has not beer become—emanating from the Germans, from those "veteres Germani" of whom Tacitus speaks! It finds its home all over the world, and even in the wine-drinking country of Gaul. Good and cheap wine, alas! is no longer obtainable through the ravages of the phylloxera, and the consumption of beer has risen to fabulous extent. "Garçon, un bock!" is the cry which has made Pousset and owners of the other Paris brasseries selling mostly German beer, millionaires. I have never been able to understand why German beer should have such an ascendancy, especially in France, where surely, as far as patriotism is concerned, they err more on the side of excess than deficiency. That is as it should be, and one can even understand a man preferring a slightly inferior or dearer article out of feeling that he is encouraging native industry. But in this particular case, that of the Brasserie Nationale de Saint-Etienne et Malterie Gallia, the beer is even better than that imported from Germany, owing to the fact that the German brewers are obliged to add salicylic acid to their beers to enable them to stand the voyage. This acid is harmful, and even toxic, as has been clearly established in the interesting discussion on the subject at the Academy of Medicine. But, then, in France, as La Rochefoucauld said, "Rien n'est certain que l'imprévu." The breweries are installed with all the latest perfections and implements; the beer is there as palatable and more healthy than its German competitors; and one fine day the *consommateur* will wake up and say, "A nous, Brasserie Saint-Etienne et Malterie Gallia!"—Yvette Guilbert will make a new song on it, and it will be famous. This model establishment was founded fourteen years ago, in 1881. It covers more than three and a half hectares of ground. The buildings cost no less than four million francs. It would be difficult to find a brewery so well installed. The cellars are truly

marvellous; and are considered by experts to have no equal, excepting, perhaps, those of Mercier, at Epernay, considered the finest in the world. The brewery has seventeen different cellars. The cask department is immediately underneath, and about twenty workmen are employed all the year round in nothing but small repairs. The motor force required is furnished by two machines. The first, a 60-horse power machine, is used to put in movement the mechanism of the brewery of the malterie and of the electric machine. The other, a 20-horse power machine, is specially reserved for the use of the cellars (beer and air pumps, elevators, &c.). The factory is lit up by 400 incandescent lamps. The malterie has two fermenting

vats of 2000 square mètres, a storehouse for malt of the same size, and a storehouse for barley of 2500 mètres. The brewing-room, of four vats of 150 hectolitres' capacity each, is remarkable for the style of architecture employed, and the five cooling-vats have a total capacity of 450 hectolitres. The brewery, without any modification, can produce annually the enormous quantity of 145,000 hectolitres of beer so-called "grande conserve," i.e., remaining three months at least in the cellars. With a few slight and easily realisable alterations, this production can be augmented to 300,000 hectolitres. These facts about a native French beer industry make it very evident that although it is not in mortals to command success the Brasserie Nationale de Saint-Etienne et Malterie Gallia certainly deserve it.

Many a time I wandered over the grey gravel of the North's Portland Cement Bridge before I knew what it was made of. I had admired the fine view from the top of it, heard the trams gliding with dull thunder underneath, watched the dusky Congolese villagers "mid nodings on," as Hans Breitmann says, disporting themselves in their straw thatched turnip-like villas, and pottering about undaunted by the miniature Niagara Falls under their very noses. But when I was told the bridge was made of concrete in one mass, I gave a jump, as I



CONCRETE BRIDGE, BUILT BY THE NORTH'S PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY, ANTWERP.

now?" asked a curious friend. "Thousands in debt!" was the reply. All these reflections, as I see the nimble fingers of the charming young ladies wander over the keys of this machine, with its graceful curves, the rounded sweep, and general compactness, fill me with grateful reminiscences of North's Typewriter Company as I pass on.

underneath, watched the dusky Congolese villagers "mid nodings on," as Hans Breitmann says, disporting themselves in their straw thatched turnip-like villas, and pottering about undaunted by the miniature Niagara Falls under their very noses. But when I was told the bridge was made of concrete in one mass, I gave a jump, as I

considered my life in danger, looked over the parapet to see how far there was to fall, and eyed with an anxious eye the heterogeneous mass of humanity, who seemed to me, well for their peace of mind, not to know this fact. And all the while there was nothing to fear, as concrete, thirty years ago almost confined to foundations, engineers being considered venturesome who used it for retaining walls, is now safely and satisfactorily used for building bridges. There seems to be, however, great difference as to the most suitable proportions of cement, sand, and stone, and so the bridge built at Antwerp differs somewhat from the method of mixing employed in England. For the abutments the mortar made and subsequently mixed with the stone consisted of one of cement to four of sand, whilst for the arch one of cement to two of sand was used. The width of the bridge is 32 ft. 10 in., and the total length 131 ft. 3 in. For the centring five wooden trusses were used, and the construction of the arch was commenced Dec. 18, 1893, and finished on the 23rd of the same month. On Jan. 23 the centring was removed, and although careful observations were made, no settlement could be detected. To avoid the infiltration of rain, the externals of the arch and the tops of the abutments have been coated with a mortar consisting of equal parts of cement and sand; and the North's Portland

would be proud to occupy. The principality of Bulgaria, to be correct (comprising Eastern Roumelia), is bounded on the north by Roumania, on the west by Servia, on the south-west and on the south by the Ottoman Empire, and on the east by the Black Sea, forming, generally speaking, a rectangle. How wonderfully has Bulgarian trade advanced in these short years! Before 1878 she was an exclusively agricultural country, ill governed, but well-to-do; abounding in corn and wine, cattle and sheep, fowls and geese, to judge from the dicta of travellers before that date, such as Mr. Beatty Kingston. And as I survey the stately arches of maize, the tissues—than which those of Lyons are not finer—the woollen goods rivalling, with Elbœuf and Birmingham, the wines and liqueurs smartly and brilliantly exhibited, the tobacco as agreeable as that of Turkey, and much cheaper, I cannot help exclaiming, "Quantum mutatus ab illo!"

Here are huge carpets of multifarious colours, woven at Kasan, Tsaribrod, and Tchirprufzi; the designs are beautiful and the harmony of colour is grateful to the eye, and rivals the Persian and Turkish fabrics. The textile goods from the districts of Kasanlik, Slivna, Karlovo, are well worthy of consideration, and it is astonishing how in so short a time a really first-class article can be produced. The attar of roses is now a large

agriculture, the country being practically divisible into three parts plain to two parts mountain, and of the whole extent of the principality—i.e., 99,276 square kilometres, about 85,000 kilometres are cultivated for agricultural purposes, that is to say, about five-sixths of the whole territory of Bulgaria. In fact, the country is one of small proprietors, and of the whole population of about 3½ millions about 2½ millions are engaged in agriculture. There is a magnificent display of seventy different kinds of cereals in this Exhibition, which were all shown to me by the Commissioner-General for Bulgaria, Mr. Georges N. Zlatarsky, "en connaissance de cause," for he directs the Bureau Géologique in Sofia. In 1887, 925 million kilogrammes of wheat were produced and 104 million kilogrammes exported; 174 million kilogrammes of rye, of which 18½ millions were exported; barley was produced to the extent of 235 million kilos, of which 8,800,000 kilos were exported. After wheat maize is the most important cereal produced: of the 220 million kilos produced in 1887, 50 million kilos were exported. The cultivation of the vine has greatly extended in Bulgaria, and the superficies under cultivation is not less than 1155 square kilometres. The Bulgarian vines produce a good wine, but the inexperience of the growers prevents them from making the best use of



THE BULGARIAN COURT.

Cement Company and their manager, stalwart Colonel Mols, are to be complimented upon the efficiency and handsome appearance of their bridge.

If an average Englishman were asked to "tell us what you know," as the examination papers go, about Bulgaria, he would probably say it is somewhere near Turkey and the Black Sea. If he were asked to describe its birth as an independent State, he would probably think of Mr. Gladstone and the Bulgarian atrocities, of the Siege of Plevna and Osman Pasha, of the Treaty of San Stefano, of Lord Beaconsfield's diplomacy at the Treaty of Berlin, and wind up with a dissertation upon how much Russia is to be mistrusted, and how Britons never will be slaves. But he has no idea of the present position of Bulgaria amongst the different nations, and if he had it would astonish him to see the progress she has made since her delivery from the yoke of the Sublime Porte. I myself, having before my eyes the Bulgarian Court in this, the Antwerp Exhibition, would not have dreamt that since the creation, in 1878, of the independent State of Bulgaria, therefore barely sixteen years, such a progress should have been made. And this little country—which, by the way, since its union with Eastern Roumelia is not so little after all, having an expanse of 99,000 square kilometres, and numbering considerably over three million souls, thus placing it fourteenth on the list of European States between the Netherlands and Switzerland, has through the intelligence and administrative genius of its ruler, Prince Ferdinand achieved a position in agriculture and commerce that any nation similarly situated

industry, although supposed to have been discovered only in the seventeenth century by a Persian Princess, Nour Jehan. She noticed on the occasion of her wedding in the gardens of the palace that a kind of oleaginous matter floated on the surface of a little brook of rose-water that ran through the grounds. She gave orders to have this collected, and, in her honour, the oil thus discovered was long called "Parfum Jehanghir," or "Attar Jehanghiry." According to a narrative current in Kazanlik, a Turk from Tunis, whither the industry is known to have spread, brought the rose and the method of treating it over to Bulgaria. This seems likely, as the *Rosa damascena*, now cultivated at Kazanlik, was being reared at the time in Tunis.

To show how costly the production of attar of roses is, I need only say that 3000 kilos of roses only produce one kilo of oil or attar, and that 3000 kilos represent a space of one hectare planted with rose-trees. The price fluctuates very much, according to the harvest. In 1872, when only 1500 kilos of attar of roses were produced in Bulgaria, the price rose to 1400 francs per kilo; whereas in 1889, when the crop amounted to 3000 kilos, the price, as is actually the case, fell to between 800 and 900 francs per kilo. The trade is growing every year. The importations in France, Germany, England, and in the United States increase every year, although in France an import duty of 40f. on Oriental attar of roses obtains, to protect her own producers in the south of France, where there is very little oil, but of excellent quality, the price paid being 1800f. as an average per kilo.

The principal occupation of the Bulgars is, of course,

their grapes; the wines they manufacture cannot be preserved long, nor transported very far, a circumstance which diminishes considerably their value for exportation, which otherwise might attain considerable proportions. The wine production in the whole principality is about 252,000,000 litres. Tobacco is another important product of the country. In 1887 a superficies of about 2600 hectares gave a result of 1,860,000 kilogrammes of tobacco. I tried some cigarettes got up excellently in pretty boxes and with gold tips, which were excellent. The so-called Turkish cigarettes have, it appears, to an extent always been produced in Bulgaria, even during the time of her domination by the Ottoman Empire, and they are certainly considerably cheaper, being sold for about twenty-seven shillings per thousand.

In the industrial section I saw some extremely artistic filigree work and chased silver from Widdin, copies of ancient Byzantine patterns. In woollen goods, two sorts of cloths, the heavier called "aba," the lighter "chazak," are specialties of the country. There is a big show-case of lovely silk tissues in most delicate hues; skins are also exhibited, as now worked in Bulgaria. However, generally speaking, manufactures are still very backward in Bulgaria, as in the remainder of the peninsula. We know, however, that this is not due to the want of intelligence or activity on the part of its inhabitants, nor is there a deficiency of the raw materials. It is owing principally to the exhausted condition, socially and economically, in which the country was left, owing to this long period of subjugation to Turkey, perfectly indifferent to enterprises capable of utilising or increasing the natural wealth of the

country. Besides that, the want of means of transport and communication checked all commercial activity and brought the Bulgars to confine themselves to local wants alone. Even since the emancipation, the situation has not been ameliorated considerably; without doubt, the energetic rule of Prince Ferdinand has accomplished measures of progress everywhere it was possible—such as the creation of industrial schools, the development of

and exports, which up to 1888 showed a deficit, decreased, it is true, from six million francs in 1882 to two million in 1888, but still a deficit; whereas in 1889 the exports amounted to about eight millions more than the imports, and since then Bulgaria has never looked back. Before leaving the court I was shown the small pavilion draped in crimson cloth where is placed the bust of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It struck me as being

Among the many exhibits at this Exhibition, I have noticed what a vast trade some of them represent, and when we see a nitrate trophy representing a trade that exports more than a million tons annually our thoughts are naturally led to the highly interesting and vigorous personage of the creator of this industry, Colonel North. There are many publications on the subject of "How to succeed," or the "Royal road to fortune," just as there are the "Gradus ad Parnassum" to teach the young idea how to write poetry. But as the poet is born and not made, so the man who succeeds in life owes it to his inherent qualities and not to any fortuitous adjuncts. A man may have many imitators, as Schiller says of Wallenstein—

Wie er räuspert und wie er spuckt,
Das habt ihr glücklich ihm abgekuchelt,

but they will never be anything else than a weak replica, no matter how strong the original. Health, enterprise, and intelligence are necessary for a man who wishes to succeed, to start in life with, and when Colonel North, then plain J. T. North, started in the early sixties, as a simple engineer, for Chili, from Messrs. John Fowler and Co.'s



THE ENGLISH RESTAURANT: "THE SAVOY."

postal and telegraphic communication, and, in a smaller degree, of railways. Peace and security are also important factors which favour the development of a country. On the other hand, in European industry the struggle for life has grown so intense that it is extremely difficult for newcomers to compete amongst producers more favourably placed, and even they have difficulty in placing their goods. The result, therefore, of the amelioration of the means of communication between Bulgaria and the rest of Europe is loss to favour the exportation of Bulgarian products than to facilitate the importation of foreign manufactured goods, which can be sold cheaper than those manufactured on the spot. However, the strength of Bulgaria is and remains in her agriculture and the sensible way in which she is being governed and her resources developed and her social position raised by the educational department, some astonishing results of which

particularly tasteful and artistic. In the exhibition made by this little country Bulgaria is a striking proof of what a wise government assisted by an intelligent and laborious people can achieve.

Sight-seeing, of all occupations, has such an exhausting effect on the brain and nervous system—and the continued effort of intellectual perception, as well of the visual sense, becomes so impossible when the stomach has been long empty—that a big Exhibition without a good refreshment department is the most cruel institution, the most futile, in our experience, for any profit or pleasure to the mind of its visitors, the most debilitating and demoralising, that bad management has ever devised. One must eat and drink, one must have succulent meat, stimulating or narcotic and soothing liquids—we venture to add, the sedative fumes of tobacco—after two or three hours of looking at the contents of stalls, or of galleries of pictures. Now, the Belgians, to their praise be it said, have in all ages understood as well as any nation the need of catering for the physical demands of "the inner man," although not perhaps with the delicate refinement of artistic Parisian cookery. The English too—that is to say, English customers, not all English cooks—justly and wisely bestow due attention upon this important matter on all public occasions. It has not been neglected at the Antwerp Exhibition. In the main building one entire frontage is taken up with restaurant after restaurant, and not mean-looking little places, but grand cafés and dining-rooms, such as there are in Paris. One of the principal ones is that owned by the Savoy Company, which is specially devoted to English visitors. Certainly, the Savoy Restaurant, with its fine dining-room, is a very agreeable and satisfactory place of resort. What adds greatly to the charm is the disposition of the liquid refreshments to its clients by twelve comely English damsels arrayed in sailor frocks skirted with the Union Jack. Their bright faces and smart attire seem to inspire the Belgian "Jeunesse Dorée" with a wholesome thirst for good ale or beer. The tariff in the Savoy Restaurant is fairly moderate. The higher priced dinners are excellent, the waiting on the whole is good, the decorations are in admirable taste. At the same time, the native establishments are to be recommended: the Tivoli Restaurant, the Phoenix Restaurant, and others give an excellent repast for a very moderate outlay. Two of the largest Belgian breweries have fitted up a restaurant which they call the "Restaurant du Palais des Fêtes." There is also the Wiener Prater, where you may get the fine Austrian beers; and there is the Restaurant Economique, to suit the modest requirements of the Belgian peasant or workman. Eat and drink, or to-morrow you die.



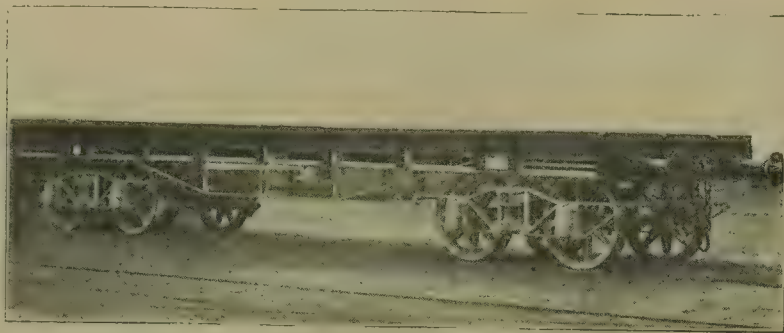
A SYRIAN WAITRESS AT THE EXHIBITION.

I saw in paintings, drawings, wood-carving, modelling in clay, and embroideries by the Bulgarian youth of the high school built recently at an expense of £120,000, and maintained entirely at the expense of the State, which pays for the children's education. The best proof of the advance made by the country is in the comparison of her imports



COLONEL NORTH.

workshop at Leeds, where he was born and bred, he had all these qualities "concealed about his person." The struggles of a man before Fortune has stamped him with her hallmark are generally interesting, though they are very little known, and their value lies more in the personal appreciations of the man himself than in the circumstances. After working on the Carrizal Railroad as engineer for a time, Colonel North went into the interior as manager for a nitrate "oficina" near Pisagua. Here he did not stay long, but soon established himself as contractor in Pisagua and constructor of nitrate oficinas. But his restless brain was occupied with a multitude of schemes: he arranged to bring fresh water in tank steamers and condensers from Arica, as there was no fresh water in the province of Tarapaca. This was the origin of the Tarapaca Water Company, which, however, subsequently constructed a system of pipes, conveying the water from the interior. But his great stroke of fortune was when the war broke out between Chili and Peru. The Peruvians had converted their interests in the nitrate deposits lying in their territory into bonds, and as matters continued getting worse and worse for Peru, everyone thought that Chili would eventually confiscate these fields, and refuse to recognise the bonds. Such was not, however, Colonel North's opinion, and the events proved that he was right, as, securing the bulk of these bonds for next to nothing, at the end of the war he found himself in possession of vast nitrate fields, and consequently a fortune. A number of lannaks that he had been employing for the loading of ships at Pisagua were also seized during the war, and as indemnity Chili conceded him the deposits of guano lying on an island, which were the source of a further very large revenue to him. Everything he has touched since turned to gold. Over in the Machinery Hall I noticed a highly ingenious railway bogey-truck, system Church and Ettinger, exhibited by Madame Verhaegen, of



TUBULAR BOGEY-TRUCK, USED FOR CARRYING NITRATE.

Malines, Raghene factory. This truck, through being constructed on the tubular system, has solved the problem of carrying heavy loads, the weight of the truck itself being disproportionately small. Thus it carries 40,000 kilos on a tare of 9000 kilos, where the Belgian State trucks only carry 20,000 kilos on a dead weight of twelve to fifteen thousand kilos. This truck is employed by Colonel North for the nitrate railway, a company, by the way, whose working expenses are at the astonishingly low figure of 34 per cent. of the gross earnings. The nitrate railway goes up an incline to the Pampas, and is very lightly loaded going up. On the old wooden cars, the nitrate and charcoal, intermingling, used to form gunpowder, and very often set the train on fire. With these new

steel trucks this is no longer possible. Colonel North is very fond of talking of the old primitive days at Pisagua, and a very good story, showing the fertility of his inventive power, is told about how the gallant Colonel exploited the Chilians' well-known weakness for lotteries. A friend came to him one day in despair, telling the Colonel that a shipload of lamps had been consigned to him by a friend in Europe, and he did not know what to do with them. The whole place did not contain more than seven hundred people. "Come and have a cocktail," said the Colonel, "and consider the matter." While imbibing the liquid a happy idea struck the Colonel. "Have a lottery," he said. No sooner said than done. The principal hall was fitted up with flags across the street, and it was publicly announced that a grand lottery would be held on three consecutive days, and that there were absolutely no blanks. In addition, the place would be magnificently lighted up from rooftop to basement every evening. The scheme "caught on" like wildfire. Every single lamp was sold; the purchasers were happy, the consignee delirious with joy, and the Colonel and his friends sat down and laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks—"and the best of it," adds the Colonel quite seriously, "was that every inhabitant of Pisagua was the proud possessor of about five lamps after that lottery."

The Special Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. Melton Prior, who visited South America five years ago, contributed to this Journal a series of sketches of the great nitrate works in the province of Tarapaca, in the northern part of Chili, then owned by Colonel North and Mr. Charles Comber, since comprised in the enterprise of a company and a syndicate, whose commercial operations are well known to be of considerable magnitude. The whole industry has of late years been developed to larger proportions, and it is probable that many improvements have been made in the apparatus and the mode of operations. With reference to the Nitrate Trophy in the Antwerp Exhibition, the following account will be found of interest.

The world's supply of nitrate of soda is obtained from an arid strip of Chilean territory between the Andes and the sea. "Caliche," or nitrate of soda in its raw state, is only found between 19 deg. and 27 deg. of south latitude. The whole region is a rainless desert, lying 2000 ft. and upwards above the sea level, and from fifteen to ninety miles from the coast.

Darwin's description, in 1835, is equally applicable at the present day: "The appearance of the country was remarkable from being covered with a thick crust of common salt, and of a stratified saliferous alluvium, which seems to have been deposited as the land slowly rose above the level of the sea. The salt is white, very hard and compact; it occurs in water-worn nodules projecting from the agglutinated sand, and is associated with much gypsum. The appearance of this superficial mass very closely resembled that of a country after snow, before the last dirty patches are thawed. The existence of this crust of a soluble substance over the whole face of the country shows how extraordinarily dry the climate must have been for a long period."

There are several theories as to the origin of the caliche, or raw nitrate. Some hold that it is the product of the decomposition of rocks under certain special climatic conditions; but the more generally accepted theory is that it was formed by the gradual decay and nitrification of marine animal and vegetable matter left by the subsidence of the ocean. This view is to some extent borne out by the fact that skeletons of animals, birds, fish, shells, sea birds' eggs, feathers and guano are frequently found

under the caliche, some 15 ft. below the surface. The presence of iodine, as iodate of soda, also tends to confirm it.

The caliche lies in beds varying in thickness from 6 in. to 10 ft., at various depths, down to about 12 ft. below the surface. In quarrying it, a narrow shaft is sunk until the "cova," or soft stratum of earth or sand underlying the caliche, is reached. Into this hole a boy is lowered, who with his feet widens it at the bottom. A charge of blasting powder is inserted in the cavity thus formed; the space above is filled in, and the charge being exploded, the ground is opened up. The caliche is then taken out, freed from the "costra," or hard earth, intermingled with it, and broken up into pieces of convenient size for conveyance, in trucks or mule-carts, to the nitrate works.

There it is crushed into pieces about the size of macadam. It is then tipped into a series of connected boiling-tanks,

length of the nitrate shipping coast being thus about 390 miles.

The town of Iquique is built on a small sandy plain along the sea-shore. Rising abruptly behind it is the range of coast hills, about 3000 ft. in height. Everything is dry, barren, and of the colour of the desert. A bright blue sky overhead, a surf-beaten shore, and an open bay filled with shipping at anchor. The town is built of wood, and contains about 18,000 inhabitants. Except for a little silver mining, it owes its existence entirely to nitrate of soda. It has again and again been destroyed by fire and washed away by tidal waves following upon earthquakes. Supplies, including water, have to be brought from outside. The streets are wide, and there is a large plaza or square, where is the only vegetation in the place, in the shape of a few carefully-tended shrubs and flowers.

The nitrate is brought down by railway from the Pampas

in bags weighing about 2½ cwt.; and it is conveyed in lighters or in small boats, called "cachuchas," to the vessels lying in the bay. An export duty amounting to about £2 12s. 4d. per ton is levied by the Chilean Government.

The development of the trade is graphically illustrated by the nitrate trophy exhibited at Antwerp, inscriptions on which give the following figures—

EXPORTS OF NITRATE OF SODA FROM CHILE.

	Tons.
1830	800
1840	10,000
1850	23,000
1860	55,000
1870	136,000
1880	225,000
1890	1,050,000

IMPORTS, 1890.

	Tons.
Germany	365,000
France	205,000
United Kingdom	115,000
United States	105,000
Belgium	95,000
Other countries	165,000

Total ... 1,050,000

To turn now to the uses to which nitrate of soda is applied. It is well known that nitrogen is an indispensable constituent of plant food, and is, therefore, essential to vegetable life. Nitrogen is contained in greater or less quantity in all soils; but, unless the natural supply be supplemented artificially, the farmer does not get satisfactory crops. Nitrate of soda is the most important commercial form of nitrogen, that of 95 per cent. purity containing 15.65 per cent. of nitrogen, hence its great value and constantly increasing consumption as a fertiliser or manure. For agricultural purposes it is used most largely in the spring, but there is a steady demand for it all the year round for commercial purposes, gunpowder and chemical manufacturers using it in considerable quantities.

The value of nitrate of soda in agriculture is thus strikingly illustrated by a German agricultural chemist of

eminence: "Each 2 cwt. of nitrate of soda," he says, "applied to the land costs about twenty shillings. In return for these twenty shillings the following increases of yield are obtainable—

800 lb.	Oats, with the corresponding quantity of straw.
600 "	Wheat " " "
600 "	Rye " " "
800 "	Barley " " "
7,200 "	Potatoes " " haulm.
12,800 "	Sugar-Beet " " leaves.
11,000 "	Mangolds " " "
10,600 "	Carrots " " "

The rapid and continuous increase in the consumption of nitrate has recently given occasion to the opening up of new grounds and the establishment of extensive new works, which will doubtless find a ready market for their output.

The importance of the industry is enhanced by the fact that iodine is a by-product of the elaboration of nitrate of soda; iodate of sodium, in greater or less quantity, being one of the constituents of nearly all caliche.



THE PERMANENT NITRATE COMMITTEE'S TROPHY.

and undergoes the process known as lixiviation. The crystallised nitrate of soda is shovelled out on to "canchas," or drying-floors, exposed to the tropical sun. The nitrate thus prepared contains 95 to 97 per cent. of pure nitrate of soda, the residue being muriates, sulphates, moisture, and insoluble matter. It is then bagged, loaded on to railway trucks, and conveyed to the nearest port for shipment.

Of shipping ports there are several, connected with the nitrate works by railroads or cart-tracks. Pisagua, Junin, Caleta Buena, and Iquique are the ports of Tarapaca. From Antofagasta is exported the nitrate produced in the district of that name, and Taltal is the shipping port for the southernmost deposits of Atacama. Iquique and Pisagua rank first, and the former is by far the largest and most important, and may, indeed, be considered to be the centre of the nitrate industry. Pisagua is situated fifty miles further up the coast, and Junin and Caleta Buena lie between. Antofagasta is 274 miles south of Pisagua, and Taltal some 115 miles south of Antofagasta, the entire

On rounding a corner I came suddenly in sight of Stand 31, one of the most interesting and at the same time important shows in the Exhibition. Here Messrs. Hiram Walker and Sons, Limited, the celebrated distillers of Walkerville, Ontario, Canada, and who have commodious offices at 69 and 70, Mark Lane, London; 1232, Broadway, New York; and 223 and 224, Monadnock Building, Chicago, have their novel and interesting exhibit. This is in the form of a Canadian log shanty, one of those curious-looking structures that prevailed during the early days of colonisation. It has become quite a landmark in the Exhibition since the opening.

But what is of equal interest and importance is the famous "Canadian Club" whisky on show here. This delightful whisky is quite unique; it is absolutely delicious to the palate, soft and delicate, with a very fragrant bouquet. It is well to know that "Canadian Club" is guaranteed as being absolutely pure, and that by one of the best guarantees that could possibly be obtained—i.e., by an official certificate placed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government over the capsule of every bottle sent out from the distillery, thereby guaranteeing both the genuineness and age of the spirit. The whisky is of two kinds, that bottled by the firm in Canada, which is seven years old, and that bottled by the wine merchants, which is five years old. They are distinguished by a gold and white capsule respectively. Although "Canadian Club" has such strong competitors as Scotch and Irish whiskies, it has made a name for itself not only in England but over the whole world. One has only to glance at the list of agencies to realise the truth of this assertion.

Distilling in Canada is worthy of more than ordinary remark, from the fact that the Government regulations in connection therewith are in two important respects, we believe, different from those of any other country. The first of these is that no whisky is allowed to go into consumption until two years old; the second, the system of bottling under official supervision and guarantee.

The "Canadian Club" brand is distilled from the choicest grain, and matured in charred barrels, and stored in warehouses capable of holding over 4,500,000 gallons. These warehouses are constructed with special regard to the most favourable temperature and perfect ventilation, resulting in the complete removal of all fusel oil, ether, and other deleterious matter, which render the use of imperfectly ripened whiskies injurious to healthy digestion and the assimilation of food. From the various analyses of the whisky it appears that the presence of sugar is unknown. It is highly recommended by medical men for people suffering from gout, rheumatism, and other diseases.

It seems very probable that "Canadian Club" whisky will become a great favourite upon the Continent, owing to

the similarity that it has in flavour to brandy. It is entirely different from Scotch and Irish whiskies, and must not be confounded with them or any other whisky.

I was very much struck with the lovely show-case of Price's Patent Candle Company, Limited, London and

continued existence and development of the trade, that pyramid of beautiful hard white and transparent candles you see there at that corner are used at home for dining and drawing rooms; the well-known gold medal 'Palmitines' you also see there displayed; in that little pyramid on the other side are 'Akapnotine candles,'



LOG HUT OF THE CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY COMPANY.

Liverpool, as stated in the inscription. With undisguised admiration I gazed on this really noble and harmonious exhibit as I caught sight of the bust of the Queen, exquisitely modelled in whitest stearine, standing out in gleaming whiteness with artistically draped purple behind, four graceful statues of Liberty holding upon high the candle that lights the world. "Grand Prix, Paris, 1889," the inscription tells me, and my ideas stray back to the finest exhibition I have ever seen, and my heart swells when I think that an English firm, Price's Patent Candle Company, should have taken the highest and most eagerly coveted reward of all, in fact the blue ribbon of the manufacturing trade, in a foreign country. "That vouches for the pre-

eminence of the goods," I say to Mr. Arthur Day, the *doyen* of exhibitors, whose knowledge of exhibitions is wide and varied, and than whom no one is better qualified to speak on the subject. "What surprises me," I continue, "is that electricity and gas, now so generally used, as well as petroleum lamps, that are so cheap, should not have driven candles entirely out of the market." "Well," said Mr. Day, "I think a trade that has two factories covering seventy-three acres, employing 2000 persons, and turning out many thousands of tons annually to all parts of the globe, shows pretty good vitality. But I will explain to you our wonderful success, in spite of this terrible competition. First of all, candles are far handier than gas or lamps or electric light. Then, again, the numerous varieties of candles have also contributed to the

specially produced for burning under shades; also hard and white stearine candles, suitable for use in tropical climates and in ball-rooms."

The trade mark of the company—a ship in full sail, with the red light of the setting sun behind it, strikes my fancy, and I advert to it.

"Talking about that," said Mr. Day, "you will see over there in the other corner a pyramid of semi-transparent candles for use in temperate regions, which we call 'Imperial Sperm,' or boat candles, on account of that very 'Ship' trade mark that you have noticed; then here on the other side we have a pyramid of cheap wax paraffin candles, called 'Cowslip' and 'National' wax, for general use. We have a great many more than that," he continued. "The snuffless dip candles are used for stable-lanterns. The Christmas trade, again, brings us in a great many orders for coloured, spiral, fluted, hand-painted, and other decorative candles, as well as for the tiny Christmas-tree tapers. Would you like to see our night-lights, of which we have a large display?"

"These night-lights you see here," he continues, "though sometimes known as 'Little Candles,' are not produced in the same way as ordinary ones, and require special plant and care. Our new patent night-lights, to burn in glasses, are unequalled, while of those in paper cases the marks 'Child's' and 'Royal Castle' are well and favourably known."

"I suppose Price's devote their entire attention to candles all the year round?"

"You would think they had enough to do with them," said Mr. Day; "but they have besides developed their trade enormously by being not only moulders of candles, but producers of all their candle materials from raw fats, &c. Thus, while they manufacture under their own patents a beautiful white and transparent paraffin wax from crude paraffin imported from America, they obtain also mineral lubricating oil, and the utilisation of the latter has led to the building up of a large trade in lubricating oils of all kinds, including their well-known gas-engine oil. Then, again, while manufacturing stearine from palm oil, &c., they necessarily produce also crude glycerine and oleine. The former, by special methods of refining introduced by the company, has been converted into the famous 'Price's Glycerine'—a name known to pharmacists and many of the public as synonymous with absolute purity. The latter—oleine—after being refined into 'cloth oil,' finds a large sale for the oiling of wool in Yorkshire, Scotland, and the West of England. In connection with the extensive employment of fats of various kinds, the company naturally became soapmakers, and now turn out household and milled soaps of all kinds, devoting much attention to the manufacture of carbolic soap.

"Price's toilet soaps are even better known to the public than their household soaps; and their 'Regina,' 'Glycerine Cream,' 'Palmitine,' 'Bath,' and other varieties of desiccated and milled soaps are highly appreciated for



PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY'S EXHIBIT.

their rich, creamy lather and delicate perfume, no less than for their demulcent action on the skin, due to the high quality of the materials employed and the skill with which they are blended."

With that I strolled round to glance cursorily at the granular effervescent preparations of Alfred Bishop and Sons, the photographs of W. J. Byrne and Co., Richmond, the steel ropes of George Cradock, of Wakefield, the hats of Messrs. Macqueen, and Co., London, the books of Mr. George E. Ove's Rugby Press, and the fine exhibits of crystals of the Patent Borax Co., Ladywood, Birmingham, and promising to visit Messrs. Donald Currie and Co.'s six fine models, and the steam life-boat of Mr. Joseph Green in the maritime section, I left Mr. Arthur Day.

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement!" I involuntarily exclaim, as there rises before my astonished eyes the tapering tower of the Kemmerich Meat Extract Company. How many sleepless nights must there have been passed,

people where to look for it, has risen like its own tower, and "strikes the stars with its proud head." I believe, however, that it is to the last-named reason that Kemmerich's extract of meat owes a great part of its prosperity. In most matters of this life, and in that of nourishment more than any, people are fanciers and not reasoners, in the same manner as a man is considered well to do because he wears a shiny hat and patent leather boots, and a bank is thought trustworthy because its tellers are genteel and its furniture mahogany. It is easy to see that Shakspeare had no knowledge of publicity when he said, "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Nowadays, there is a great deal in a name, and in presenting a thing in an attractive way to the public eye; and although, of course, in the long run, a good thing, like a good wine, is appreciated, yet it certainly needs a bush while yet unknown.

I, however, while appreciating the administrative qualities of the Kemmerich Company, of Messrs. Albert

7 per cent. The possessions of the company in the Argentine Republic will give one a further idea of the enormous extension of the undertaking. On the banks of the Parana lie opposite to one another, Santa Elena (Province Entre Rios) and San Javier (Province Santa Fé), both together with an area of about twenty-three square leguas (2400 miles). Besides this, the company has rented in the provinces named as well as in the Province Cordoba about thirty square leguas (3130 miles) of pasture, destined to the rearing of young cattle, whose number up to date is about 200,000. While they slaughtered in 1884-85 only 19,000 head, this number has risen fast to the enormous quantity of 130,000 head during last year. The produce of this immense number of cattle is employed in different ways. The most widely known and distributed is perhaps the meat extract as ingredient and nutriment for soups, sauces, &c. For people that are ill, convalescent, or suffer from stomach troubles the peptone has great value as being easily digestible, nutritive, and appetising. Besides this, the produce is used for



TOWER OF THE KEMMERICH MEAT EXTRACT COMPANY.

how many brains must have been racked, before the countless proposals, ideas accepted and again refused, remodelled and radically changed, at last formed their incarnation in this tower, that meets us at every point, and brings back our thoughts to Kemmerich—that crops up when we are with the exhibits of fur Cathay, that warns us when we are tasting a competitor's goods; and, even when we have turned our backs upon the Exhibition, wearied and will have no more of it, there it is, with its limpid globes of electric light, sturdily fulfilling its appointed task until the name and fame of Kemmerich obscures your brain and pervades your thoughts, until the fleshpots of Egypt seem to have borne the flowing signature of Professor Dr. Kemmerich, like these pots of extract that we see piled upon one another, and the seven fat kine of the Pharaonic dream to have become in perfectly natural evolution Kemmerich's meat extract. "Che l'ojó no vede, el corazon no llora," says an old Spanish proverb, "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve over," but the converse is the true secret of success, and instead of saying, "les absens ont toujours tort," we should put it, "les présents ont toujours raison," and thus Kemmerich not only manufactures a good product, but also, by showing

de Bary, Lynen and Von Mirlbach, consider it my duty to go deeper into the origin and working of this trade, and trust it will likewise interest some of my readers who, like Toddy in "Helen's Babies," "want to see the wheels go round." In the short space of ten years the Kemmerich Extract of Meat Company has wrested from its great competitor Liebig its share of the monopoly of the trade of the world. It was founded in 1884, succeeding to the firm of Messrs. E. Kemmerich and Company, Limited, that had been in existence since seven or eight years. The first founders were Dr. Eduard Kemmerich, Professor of Medicine at the Montevideo University (who, by desire of Justus Liebig, had co-operated for some years in the Liebig's meat extract factory at Fray-Bentos), and Walter Giebert, son of the real founder of the whole extract industry and co-operator of Liebig. The original capital of the company was 1,565,000f. To-day the working capital of the company amounts to 14,000 shares at 500f. and 8000 obligations at 500f.—i.e., together, 11,000,000f. The net profit in the first year was next to nothing; but already, after a comparatively short time, the undertaking began to gain ground. In 1887-88 the company paid 5 per cent. for the first time, and this has risen meanwhile to

concentrated beef tea, preserved meats and tongues—dried meat for American plantations; and further are used the hides, horns, bones, meat food meal, and meat manure meal. A few words more about the tower, which is 65 mètres high—half the height of the Antwerp Cathedral—and represents five Kemmerich meat-extract pots one over the other, the largest being five-and-a-half mètres and the smallest three mètres in diameter. It is erected above a large square show-case with a roofed-in, pillared gallery running round, surmounted by four enormous white bulls. In the show-cases all the various products in their different sized cases and capsules, even the meat meal in sacks, are symmetrically arranged. As I mount the steps to this gallery and shelter myself from the glaring sun in its cool shade ensconced in a comfortable chair, I gaze with pleasure over the green lawns and tastefully arranged flower beds of many hues, and mentally give thanks for the rest thus provided. Had Virgil been here he would have said, "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit." We of to-day with our impaired digestions in this struggle for life, our desire to be amused and instructed without trouble to ourselves, ought to be very grateful for the way in which we are cared for by the Kemmerich Extract of Meat Company.

"How curious it is," mused I, whilst chewing the cud of sweet contentment and a well-digested lunch, "that one sees so many things without observing them!" The faculty of thinking about what one sees appears to be peculiarly deficient, especially in exhibitions, where even the smallest show-case very often represents a trade which is one of the

a good many people to make a special trip to this Exhibition to buy them."

Before leaving I noticed the exhibit of Mr. E. M. Grunwaldt, of St. Petersburg, who also has a very fine exhibit of sables, a specialty of his, and all Siberian furs. This is a very rich exhibit in general, and should be seen in connection with his brother's, Mr. P. M. Grunwaldt, who is the concessionaire for the Russian Government, and has the monopoly of all the seals which Russia produces.

British Colonies now claim a distinguished position in every display of the world's industry and wealth. South Africa, so rapidly growing in comparative importance, may boast that her products of high commercial value include the output of three of the finest articles in nature—of those, at any rate, which are essentially ornamental: gold, diamonds, and ostrich feathers. Gold, indeed, is quite as useful as ornamental, especially when coined and put into your pocket, or paid to your account at the banker's. Some ladies have no objection to possess and wear diamonds, which are pretty jewels, at least, and are signs and symbols of being rich. It will not be amiss that the admirers of such precious stones, looking at the trophy of the De Beer's Company, should learn how and where, in South Africa, the diamonds are procured. It was but twenty-seven years ago, in Griqualand West, near

the Lower Karroo Beds, occur in basins like tunnels, of a more or less oval shape, which are perhaps several acres in extent, and are of unknown depth, set in the midst of ground not similar in its condition. It has been conjectured that these were cavities or craters in the surface of the earth, left by extinct volcanic agency, and subsequently filled with masses of debris containing the much-prized crystals of pure carbon, the origin of which may reasonably be ascribed to igneous combustion of some rocks, though chemical and physical science does not yet certainly explain the process by which they were formed. In other districts, as at Barkly, north-west of Kimberley, and at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State, the natural conditions are different; some mines yield a greater quantity, and some a higher quality, of diamonds; but this industry, on the whole, is of vast importance, employing many thousands of labourers, skilful engineers, and superintendents, and costly machinery, at a yearly cost of more than a million sterling. The total export of diamonds from South Africa, in the years preceding 1893, amounted to nearly seventy millions in value. The De Beer's Company, having resolved to illustrate practically its latest mechanical developments, and every stage of their working activity, in the Antwerp Exhibition, secured a very large space in the Belgian section. Here, at a cost of over £10,000, it has erected machinery driven by steam-power, showing the processes undergone by the precious stone during its progress from the pit's mouth—to which the "blue ground," or a mere stratum of indurated volcanic mud, is constantly raised from a depth of 1200 ft.—to the jeweller's shop, where it is symmetrically cut, brilliantly polished, and daintily set. The company had brought over 1000 huge sacks of "diamondiferous" earth or rock, and has arranged to prepare, sift, and wash a portion of it every day. After this process the stones are cut, polished, and set, for which purpose the company has erected the best machinery and engaged the most skilled workmen in Antwerp. Among the exhibits will be found the famous "Belgian Star," the property of M. Louis Coettermans. This stone is of a deep straw colour, weighing exactly 200 carats. It was found at Kimberley and transferred to Antwerp. The De Beer's Company yearly extracts three million pounds' worth of diamonds from its South African mines. It has obtained the control of this great industry, which is a remarkable example of the way in which the product of wondrous and still obscure workings of the physical forces of Nature, concocted in the almost inscrutable, the unimaginable convulsions of force and matter, in remote periods of the existence of the terrestrial globe, very imperfectly revealed by geological speculation and conjectural theory, has in our own time become, through modern ingenuity and organised labour, an object of eager human search, of skilful enterprise, with costly mechanical appliances, and a commodity of immense commercial importance.

The crowd was moving to and fro in a continuous, dusty, perspiring, heterogeneous stream. The sun shone pitilessly upon fat old Dutchmen smoking rank cigars, and wearing soiled trousers; upon peasant-women out for the day, arrayed in hoop and crinoline, with extraordinarily shaped gold bangles depending from their ears, and their fat red arms bulging out of the Sunday-meeting black silk dresses; and as I hustled my perspiring way through the crowds of greasy-looking Turks with red fez, of deceitful-looking Greeks with sallow faces, of villainous-featured donkey-boys in sky-blue kaftan and white turban from the Cairo Street, the air was full of beery laughter, of hot female gigglings, of oaths in Arabic, of Cockney English, of braying brass bands, accompanied by the yelping of rapacious dogs; and around was a confused mass of umbrellas, sunshades, boots, legs, hats—all in a haze of dust, constituting this my latest view of the Antwerp Exhibition. But across a huge and all-enclosing crowd



RUSSIAN FUR EXHIBITS OF P. M. GRUNWALDT, PARIS, AND E. M. GRUNWALDT, ST. PETERSBURG.

most important factors that conduce to the welfare and comfort of a modern civilised being. Only a hundred years ago the perfections in commerce that we see here, in all their many developments, would have been condemned as witchcraft, and their bare possibility treated with the same contempt as Galileo's "E pur si muove." Sauntering up the main aisle of the Exhibition, as I was, with the many glittering showcases on every side, the many-hued flags of all nations depending from the roof, the shafts of sunlight striking athwart my path, I suddenly came plump into contact with an enormous brown bear that stood on its hind legs with its terrible fangs displayed. Now I am a bold man—in the Strand—but here, in a foreign exhibition where there were so many strange things, I was startled. However, I soon found out that my alarm was needless: the bear was stuffed, and above in broad letters I read the inscription, "Pavel Michailovitch Grunwaldt, 22, Newsky Prospect, St. Petersburg; and 6, Rue de la Paix, Paris."

Here I saw a magnificent array of furs, the stuffed seals, the striped tigers and the tawny lions, the white bears and the rugs and cloaks representing this exhibit. Mr. Grunwaldt himself, wearing his badge as president of the jury for the furs, happened to be present, and, in view of my evident delighted admiration, he good-naturedly showed me round his extensive exhibits. I caressed the soft brown sables that were displayed in profusion, and asked, "Are sables very much worn?"

"Sables," said Mr. Grunwaldt, "will always remain the queen of furs, no matter what the fashions are."

"It is singular," said I, "how the trappings of royalty, such as the imperial purple and the soft white of the ermine, set off by the dark tails, bring back to one's mind the old historic times when the emperors sat enthroned, with sceptre and crown."

"The democracy of to-day," said Mr. G., "has encroached and taken possession of royal ermine, and it is greatly worn as *sortie de bal* by the fairer sex."

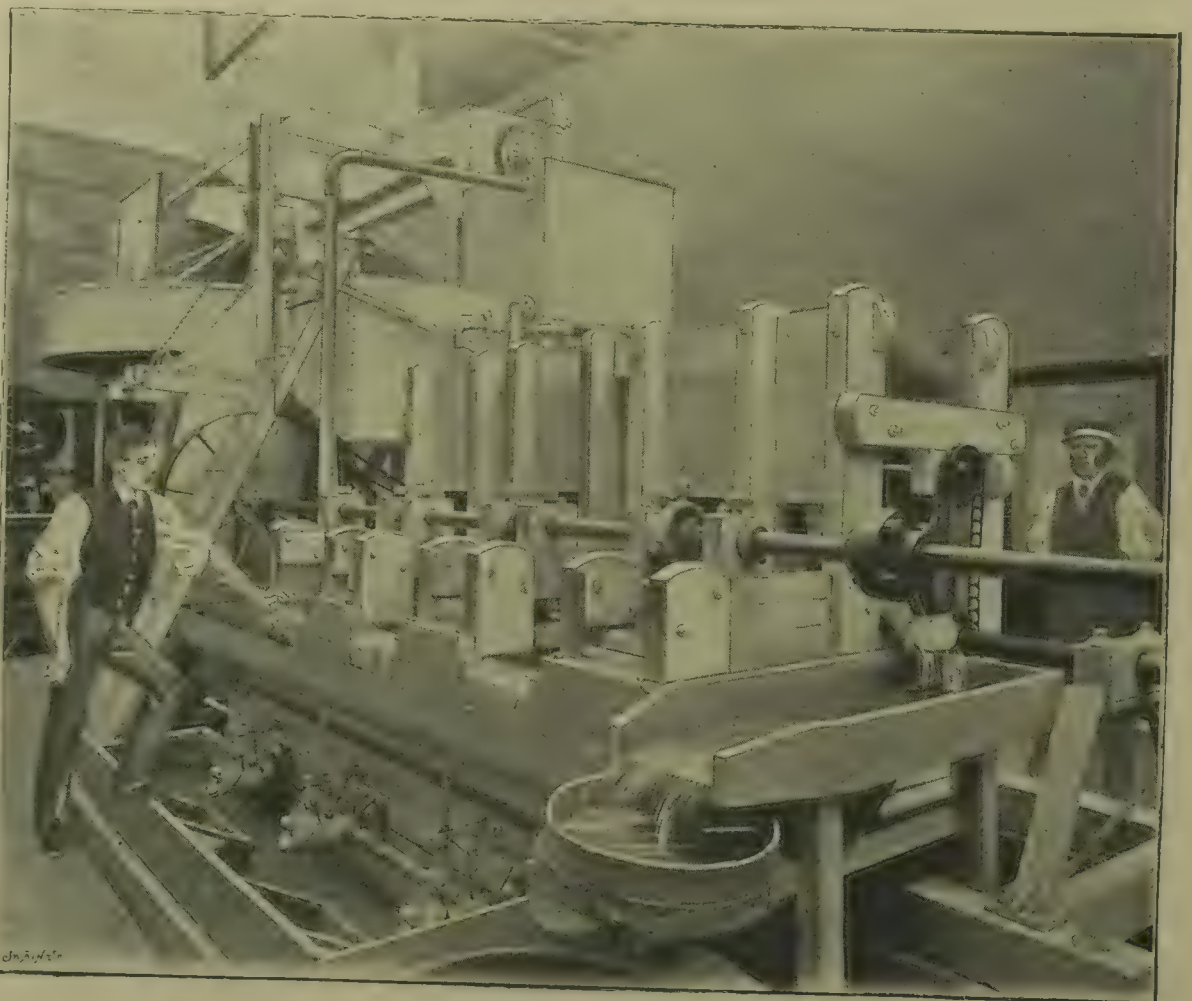
"However," continued Mr. Grunwaldt, "all is grist that comes to our mill. We have kamskatkas, blue, black, and white foxes, and, in fact, everything in the way of furs that has ever been worn by warmth-seeking humanity. Seal, sea-otter, are now very fashionable; white thibet is very comfortable for evening wear; chinchillas are also very much worn, and will be quite the thing."

I eyed curiously a cape of seal. "That," said Mr. Grunwaldt, "is our *hante nouveauté*. The seal is lined with cloth or ermine on the other side, and the cape can be worn whichever side you please. Either the seal outside or the cloth or ermine outside—thus combining usefulness with novelty."

These few facts about furs had interested me very much—platonically—not from personal inclination, but, like the Mantuan apothecary, my poverty, and not my will consented. Everyone who travels knows the value of a fur coat on a dark, dreary, and interminable winter's night in a draughty train. So it was with a feeling as of the Barmecide at the feast that I asked for the prices. I must confess they astonished me by their cheapness, all the more so as I know what I should have been asked to pay in England. "However is it possible for you to sell your furs as cheaply as that?" I asked.

"Well," said Mr. Grunwaldt confidentially, "I will give you the clue to the mystery. Our Government—that is, Russia—pays all our expenses in connection with this Exhibition—space, transport, and everything else, on one sole condition, that we bind ourselves to sell the goods at the same price as in St. Petersburg. And you can readily understand that with such an enormous variety of furs as ours—representing in value more than a million—we can sell our goods at prices that would make it worth while for

the Vaal River, that the first diamond was recognised, by Mr. John O'Reilly, among a lot of pebbles on the table in a Dutch Boer's farmhouse. Four years later, when the search for diamonds had begun to employ thousands of men of different nations, diggings were opened at Dutoit's Pan, on a farm belonging to one De Beer. His land was bought for £6000 by a Port Elizabeth firm of merchants, who ultimately sold it for £100,000. Many other diamond mines have been discovered and worked to great profit in the country north of the Orange River and south of the Vaal, which is now populous and prosperous, its centre being the town of Kimberley, with several of the greatest mines, excavated to a depth of 400 ft., and carried through long underground galleries in that neighbourhood. The De Beer's Mining Company, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes was the chairman manager, in 1890 completed arrangements with the proprietors of the other mines at Dutoit's Pan, Bultfontein, and Kimberley, bringing them under single control; and the whole investment has been estimated at fourteen or fifteen millions sterling, partly raised by debentures, the yearly net profits being ten or twelve per cent. The strata of diamond-bearing shale or sandstone, mixed with boulders and fragments of different rocks, in what geologists term



DIAMOND-WASHING IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE DE BEER'S CONSOLIDATED MINES.

my delighted eyes beheld, like an oasis in a desert, a dairy. The large blue letters proclaimed it to be British—the London and Provincial Dairy Company. Cool and restful was the sight of its long white marble counter, with its rounded sweep, half-hidden under majestic spreading palms, drooping ferns, and many-coloured flowers, and bearing in rich profusion a glittering array of cut-glass, of immaculate china, of deep bowls with fruit and cream. Symmetrically stood the blue-and-white china barrels filled with milk, virginal in its purity, and sweetly scented as with the flowers of the fields and the balmy winds on morning pastures; little rolls of cream cheeses of a pale saffron hue, marshalled in military order and reposing on a clean cool bed of yellow straw. Here were gleaming milk-churns, encircled with stripes of blue and red, like croquet-mallets, red-painted dairy machines, scrupulously clean deal tables, varnished churns for butter-making, striped red and brown like autumn bees, and in between and over all, weaving a gigantic never-ending web to and fro, broad leather bands, whose machinery clicked continuously in the fabrication of butter and cream, delicious and white, to be eaten with the swelling strawberry or orange-hued apricot, with the refreshing sound of the ever-splashing water of the fountain which stands in the centre of the dairy. I reposed my weary limbs at one of the japanned little tables within coolness under the striped blue-and-white awning of this airy palace, and admired the pretty girls, as one of them, in her neat dark blue uniform with broad scarlet facings and snowy white collar and cuffs, ministers to my wants and brings me the delicate china cups and tea-pot, the adjuncts of the drink that cheers but not inebriates.

Pleasant-featured Mrs. Watts, the wife of the managing partner, who has done so much in advancing the knowledge of the great dairy industry at home and abroad, was busy in looking after the arrangements of this popular dairy; but as she noticed my look of interest she presently stopped to chat with me.

"Noblesse oblige," said she. "We have taken more awards than all the dairies of the other countries put together, and on the placard there you can see that we have obtained the premier prize in the butter competition and the gold medal awarded by the town of Antwerp for the installation of our dairy. The other awards are still 'on the knees of the gods.'" "And no doubt you will obtain them," I put in as I got up to go. "Your dairy is well-enough known to English people to merit the highest

the Société de Saint Gobain has been in existence 230 years, and is the biggest factory of its kind. Can you go back 230 years, kind reader, and fish up in your historic memories that this was in the early days of Charles II.? and how, contemporaneously with the rise of the fortunes of the



REFRESHING AT THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL DAIRY COMPANY'S STAND.

Société de St. Gobain, coincides the fall of those of the unfortunate Stuart family, so that, perchance, the famous toast of the disaffected Jacobites under William and Mary was drunk in the glass of St. Gobain, "Here's to the King across the water, and here's to the squeezing of the rotten orange." The Société has thus at all times manufactured glasses *coulés* and moulded, besides looking-glasses of all kinds and chemical products, and has always remained at the head of these industries, famed for them all the world over. The Société, having been classed "hors concours," or having received the highest awards for the fabrication of looking-glasses and chemical products, has not exhibited these articles here, owing to their evident and undoubted superiority. The salon of the French Commission is however decorated with one of their best looking-glasses. As the Société de St. Gobain always is ahead with all the innovations, it has bought the patent for the methodical moulding of glass from Mr. L. Appert, the well-known French glassmaker. After many trials the Société now makes glass pipes of a large diameter and vases of great dimensions, which it was impossible to make before, and which are invaluable for hygienic purposes, for food, chemistry, electricity, the glass of which is very hard and resisting. Here you can see glass tubes of 0.30 m., 0.35 m., 0.40 m., 0.50 m. interior diameter, and one inch long; rectangular vases as electric accumulators, from 6 to 100 litres capacity, and a cylindrical bowl of 200 litres. A set of thin cast (*coulé*) glass is all exhibited with various designs upon them in relief—patents of MM. Chance Brothers, of Birmingham, and of the Glasgow Plate Glass Company. These glasses, beside their elegant look, are much more transparent than the so-called muslin glass, which they can easily replace.

"Die Limonade ist matt wie deine Seele, Louise," says Schiller's hero in one of his pieces, "Kabale und Liebe." "The lemonade is as insipid as thy soul," and from this utterance of the poet's it is very clear that the lemonade in question was not made with Apollinaris water, or it would have been clear, bright, sparkling, and full of relish. To advert to the merits of Apollinaris water, as I have the tastefully arranged pyramid in this Exhibition before me, is rather like proving a self-evident proposition and painting the lily. But even the old story of the egg of Columbus has to be explained to every new generation, or, like the Spanish courtiers at the time, they would be puzzling their brains about matters that everyone has long since accepted as an acknowledged fact. The Apollinaris water has as much grown an institution in England as the consumption of mustard with beef or the unwritten law that one should always carry an umbrella, the infringement of which is punishable by prompt extermination, and yet, as Cato with his eternal "Ceterum censeo, Carthaginem esse delendam," they acquire force through being occasionally repeated. The Apollinaris Company, then, was started with English capital in 1873, although the spring itself was discovered twenty-two years before. There are legends connected with the discovery of everything, from tenpenny nails to Irish whisky. To the pig is attributed a great many of these, from the Epicurean truffle to the thermal springs of Bath in the time of King Bladud and Teplitz, while Carlsbad is supposed to have been discovered by dogs. But while these are doubtful, the

discovery of the Apollinaris spring is certain. Herr Georg Kreuzberg of Ahrweiler had a vineyard on the left bank of the river Ahr, at a short distance from the village of Neuenahr. He noticed that the vines would not flourish at a particular spot, and he learnt that carbonic acid issued from the ground there. An eminent geologist was consulted, and he suggested looking for a mineral spring as a more remunerative investment. A well was sunk, and 40 ft. below the surface a spring was struck and Apollinaris water discovered, so called from the Apollinaris Church, that had been built close handy in view of the discovery that had been foreseen by their wise forebears. This occurred in 1851. In mineral constitution Apollinaris resembles Selters and Ems, with the exception of containing such an extraordinary proportion of carbonic acid as to boil upwards, as if by steam. Such volumes of gas hover over the spot that fatal asphyxiation on approaching has more than once happened. Then the same difficulty arose as did to Sindbad in the Valley of Diamonds: the treasure was there, but how to get it away? And it gave the company almost as much trouble as it did to the fisherman in "The Arabian Nights" before he could coax his genius into the bottle. However, the company eventually found means of bottling the water with the carbonic acid gas and sparkle still in it. Thereby the water is drunk in absolutely the same state as it exists at its source, and, as Professor Diday says: "Many a man owes to Apollinaris a repast the more every day, and an indigestion the less at every repast." The late Dr. T. K. Chambers, the senior physician of St. Mary's Hospital and honorary physician to the Prince of Wales, describes it in his standard work on diet as "a soft and velvety taste, peculiarly pleasing to the palate." The pleasant taste and sparkling character are due to its chemical constituents, and therefore the water is more wholesome than any aerated one which art can supply. Artificially aerated waters contain carbonic acid gas, but this gas is not a product of the chemistry of nature. There is no difficulty in making it; the puzzle is, how to obtain it as pure as in its natural form. The artificial gas can be washed, and the best artificial water manufacturers naturally use the best procedures, but they do not come up to the natural processes in their results. Great pains are also taken in the washing of the bottles. The bottles are cleaned under pressure, and are carefully tested under electric light. The corks likewise are examined, washed, and subjected to a stream of carbonic acid gas before use; 100,000 to 150,000 bottles are thus prepared every day, and they have to be in store for forty-eight hours and strictly examined several times before they will pass muster. In 1873 the Apollinaris Company started, and then exported under two millions. Now the exports reach the enormous figures of eighteen million bottles a year. Five hundred persons are employed about the premises, and yet of late the demand has grown so rapidly that doubts have been

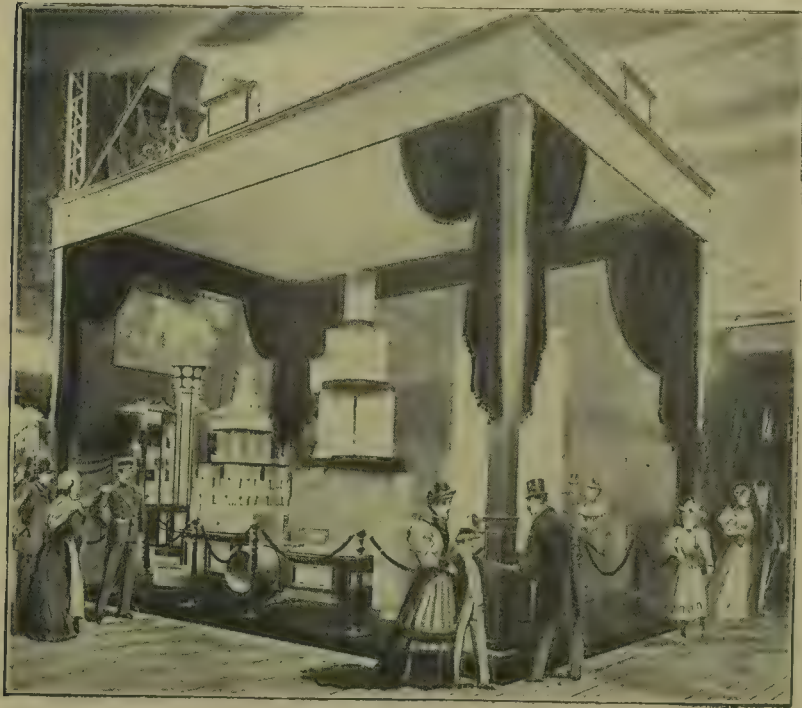


EXHIBIT OF THE ST. GOBAIN GLASS MANUFACTORY.

awards. I am a customer of yours in London, and habitually take your milk supplied in sealed glass bottles, and can vouch for its absolute purity and proper measure." Having thrown this shaft, Parthian-like, behind me, I strolled across the asphodel meadow on my peripatetic way.

It is Alfred de Musset who, in one of his most charming pieces, says, to show the self-reliance of one of his characters, "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre," and it is this witty and sparkling epigram that comes to my mind as I notice the pretty and artistic display of the Manufactures des Glaces et Produits Chimiques de St. Gobain, Chauny et Cirey. The quotation is all the more appropriate, as although they are the pioneers of the glass industry in France, than which, as everyone knows, none is finer and more artistic, with characteristic modesty they do not vaunt their pre-eminence, although

would be puzzling their brains about matters that everyone has long since accepted as an acknowledged fact. The Apollinaris water has as much grown an institution in England as the consumption of mustard with beef or the unwritten law that one should always carry an umbrella, the infringement of which is punishable by prompt extermination, and yet, as Cato with his eternal "Ceterum censeo, Carthaginem esse delendam," they acquire force through being occasionally repeated. The Apollinaris Company, then, was started with English capital in 1873, although the spring itself was discovered twenty-two years before. There are legends connected with the discovery of everything, from tenpenny nails to Irish whisky. To the pig is attributed a great many of these, from the Epicurean truffle to the thermal springs of Bath in the time of King Bladud and Teplitz, while Carlsbad is supposed to have been discovered by dogs. But while these are doubtful, the



APOLLINARIS WATER EXHIBIT.

expressed as to whether the supply would long equal it; but it is estimated that the spring is capable of yielding forty million quart bottles yearly. Artificial waters, it has been pointed out by the president of the Balneological Society, even of the best manufacture, differ from the natural ones in taste and value, and we have no reason to be ungrateful to Nature if from time to time she provides us with such little surprises as Apollinaris water.



AMERICAN PROPAGANDA BUILDING.

The United States is principally represented by the American Propaganda Building, under the auspices of Mr. Beebe and Mr. Holland, who, "à tout seigneur, tout honneur," is indefatigable in his efforts to give satisfaction to everyone. The building is very fine and spacious, and the United States have there some very meritorious exhibits of manufactured goods—not to forget a soda fountain, that constitutes the first attraction to the thirsty Belgians. In the main hall the American manufactures are represented by a very fine exhibit of the National Cash Register, a machine by which you can automatically register the receipts of a retail business; and some very fine machines in the machinery hall, represented by Mr. Sillcox. The American Section is carefully guarded over by Chief Commissioner Gore—so well known in the United States for his literary labours—and Messrs. Gilbert and Leduc. These are three most urbane and efficient gentlemen.

Among other stands worthy of notice is that of the Indian art ware of Messrs. Heilbuth, where Indian goods can be got reasonably and of artistic value; the exhibit of watches and jewellery of Mr. Goldstein, which are cheap and meritorious; not to forget the fine show of Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome and Co., with their tea "Tabloids" and medicine-chests for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Out in the gardens of the Exhibition, close to the American Propaganda building, stands a highly interesting diving exhibit of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co. I remember distinctly as a boy going to the Polytechnic to see the diving-bell of old Professor Pepper go down, and although it only impressed me vaguely at the time, as I

never ventured to go down myself, it left a lasting impression upon my mind even up to the present day. Since then great strides have been made in the art of diving and diving appliances, thanks to the inventions and appliances of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., the well-known firm of submarine engineers of Westminster Bridge Road, London. Their appliances are all shown here in practical application, and are some of them so truly astonishing that they almost seem to make a reality of the wonders described by the author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." The big tank is surrounded with eager sightseers as we come in, and the diver in his watertight dress, padded and quilted so it seems to me, with big leaden weights on his feet and with bright copper helmet on his head, is about to take his plunge. In addition to the huge diving-tank, Messrs. Siebe, Gorman, and Co. also exhibit in the British Section their—

(1) Royal Navy pattern two-cylinder diving-pump, which is capable of supplying air to two divers working simultaneously in depths down to 90 ft. or 100 ft. This air-pump is fitted with a patent air-distributing arrangement, by means of which, if it is desired to send one diver to a greater depth, the two cylinders can be connected, and thus supply to the one diver the whole volume of air produced by the two cylinders.

(2) New pattern three-cylinder air-pump for diving in great depths, as supplied by the firm to all the principal pearl and sponge fisheries.

(3) Diving-helmet fitted with new patent loud-talking telephonic apparatus and electric light.

(4) Diving-helmet fitted with Gorman's patent speaking apparatus. Each of these helmets is fitted with Gorman's new patent regulating valve for adjusting the supply of air to various depths, and allowing the diver to descend or ascend at pleasure.

(5) Powerful submarine electric lamps.

(6) Models of air-lock diving-bell and the ordinary diving-bell.

(7) Magneto exploders for submarine blasting.

(8) A large case of most interesting "Relics from the Deep," including a beautiful bowl made from the wood and metal of the ill-fated *Royal George*; silver dish from Admiral Kempenfeldt's cabin; silver buckle, sole of a shoe, pistol, silk neckerchief, gold ring taken from the finger of a skeleton, remains of a candle, bottle of wine, man's leg bone—all these were recovered from the *Royal George*. Magnificent specimens of coral, amber, sponge, and pearl shell from the great fisheries of Greece, Australia, &c. An ancient Greek lamp in bronze, with sponge growing on the lip, brought up from the Greek Archipelago, dating three hundred years B.C.; carpenter's plane recovered from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada; cup and saucer brought up from one of the Dutch East India Company's ships wrecked in Table Bay in 1647; florin found under the keel of the wreck of the *Eurydice*; and numerous other curiosities, such as one of the seven boxes, each containing £10,000 in Spanish gold coin—£70,000 in all—recovered by the firm's chief diver, Mr. Alexander Lambert, from the wreck of the Spanish royal mail steamer *Alfonso XII.*, sunk in the great depth of 160 ft., off Point Gando, Grand Canary.

Perhaps one of the prettiest stands in the British section is the exhibit of John Dewar and Sons, Limited, Scotch whisky distillers, of Perth, N.B., and London. This firm are well known at all exhibitions, and for many years have been staunch supporters of all meetings of the kind, for they recognise the value attaching to the prominence thus given to goods. The stand itself is very picturesque, and



WHISKY STALL OF JOHN DEWAR AND SONS, LIMITED.

is something after the "pagoda" style of architecture, with a thatched roof of white heather that came direct from "bonnie Scotland." Of the whisky itself it is hardly necessary to speak, for it has long been established as a popular favourite not only in London and the United Kingdom generally, but in every corner of the civilised world. One reason for this remarkable success is that the firm never put anything on to the market but really good old stuff, and its quality being recognised both by the medical profession and the general public, it enjoys a prestige which is looked upon with envy by more than one rival firm; and we can quite understand it. Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, having discovered that spirits are—very much like Madeira—all the better for a long sea voyage, ship all their best whiskies out to the bonded stores in Australia; and then, after it has been lying there a few years, have the whole lot reshipped to the old country. The effect of the various climates through which it passes improves and matures the whisky wonderfully, and gives it that softness and delicate flavour for which the brand has been so long known, and which, in fact, established its popularity. The firm hold a royal warrant to supply to her Majesty, and among the five-and-twenty gold and prize medals the whisky has been awarded at exhibitions in England and various parts of the world, we notice the diploma of honour and gold medal (the highest award over all competitors) of the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1890.

This is naturally something to be proud of, coming from the home of Scotch whisky, where the people really know something about it. The two brothers who are managing directors of the firm, although so busy, find time to devote to public and other business, for Mr. John A. Dewar is Lord Provost of Perth, and Mr. Thomas R. Dewar sits for West Marylebone in the London County Council. The latter gentleman has also a literary turn, and Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in the press an amusing description of "A Ramble Round the Globe," written by him.



MESSRS. SIEBE, GORMAN, AND CO.'S DIVING-TANK.

I was now in front of the magnificent Hatfield House banquetting hall of Lord Salisbury, reproduced by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East. The grand old hall was looking severe and majestic with its famed oak panels and carvings, and its old straight-backed chairs, its mellow tapestries, against which the dull gleaming breast-plates and visors—signs of many wars—were standing out with half-moon shaped halberds, whose bearers had long since gone the way of all flesh, in befitting proximity.

"Here," thought I, contemptuously, "the century of Elizabeth is looking down on us"; and, looking up, I saw that the banners of Bacon, the great scientist and corrupt statesman; of Burleigh; of Drake, the seaman, with his caravels; of Sir Walter Raleigh, were waving over us.

I entered reverently as in a church, and heavy oaken doors swung ponderously back as young Mr. H. S. Hampton invited me in. I sank with a sigh of relief into one of the beautiful antique Venetian chairs with their high carved oak backs and sumptuous upholstery of figured crimson and gold velvet, and as I remarked how wonderfully one rested in them I was told that the seats were made of down, and that here at least the comfort of the Elizabethan period equalled that of our own. These chairs, rare specimens of the finest carving extant, were once in the possession of the Stuart family. Behind me was a wonderful piece of tapestry: against a mellow old gold background stood out in beautiful relief blue shaded figures representing the meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The balcony, with its elaborately enriched supports, occupying the whole width of the hall, represented the minstrel gallery, and I was told to notice the quality of the wood. Throughout only the choicest English oak was used, each piece being specially selected for its exceptionally fine figuring. On mounting and looking down from the oaken ledge of the gallery, I contemplated with a dreamy pleasure the little heraldic lions, with their curling tongues and their full-bottomed periwigged manes, supporting the many family escutcheons. In the centre was placed the arms of the Cecils, and their proud motto, "*Sero, sed serio*"—"Slow, but effective"—brought back the historical reminiscences of the personal bravery of the time. Over at the other end of the hall was the famous carved oak screen, covering that entire end with a rich tracery of carved oak. A characteristic feature of the hall is the fine fireplace, with its doggrate and andirons shaped as *fleurs-de-lis*, flanked by two great gold leopards, the English hall-mark of which is dated 1600, their originals

being in the Kremlin, Moscow. The ceiling is said to be the first flat ceiling erected in England—all previous halls having gabled, heavily timbered roofs, such as may still be seen in Westminster Hall, London. The spaces between the carved oak-cross beams are filled with panels of modelled plaster work.

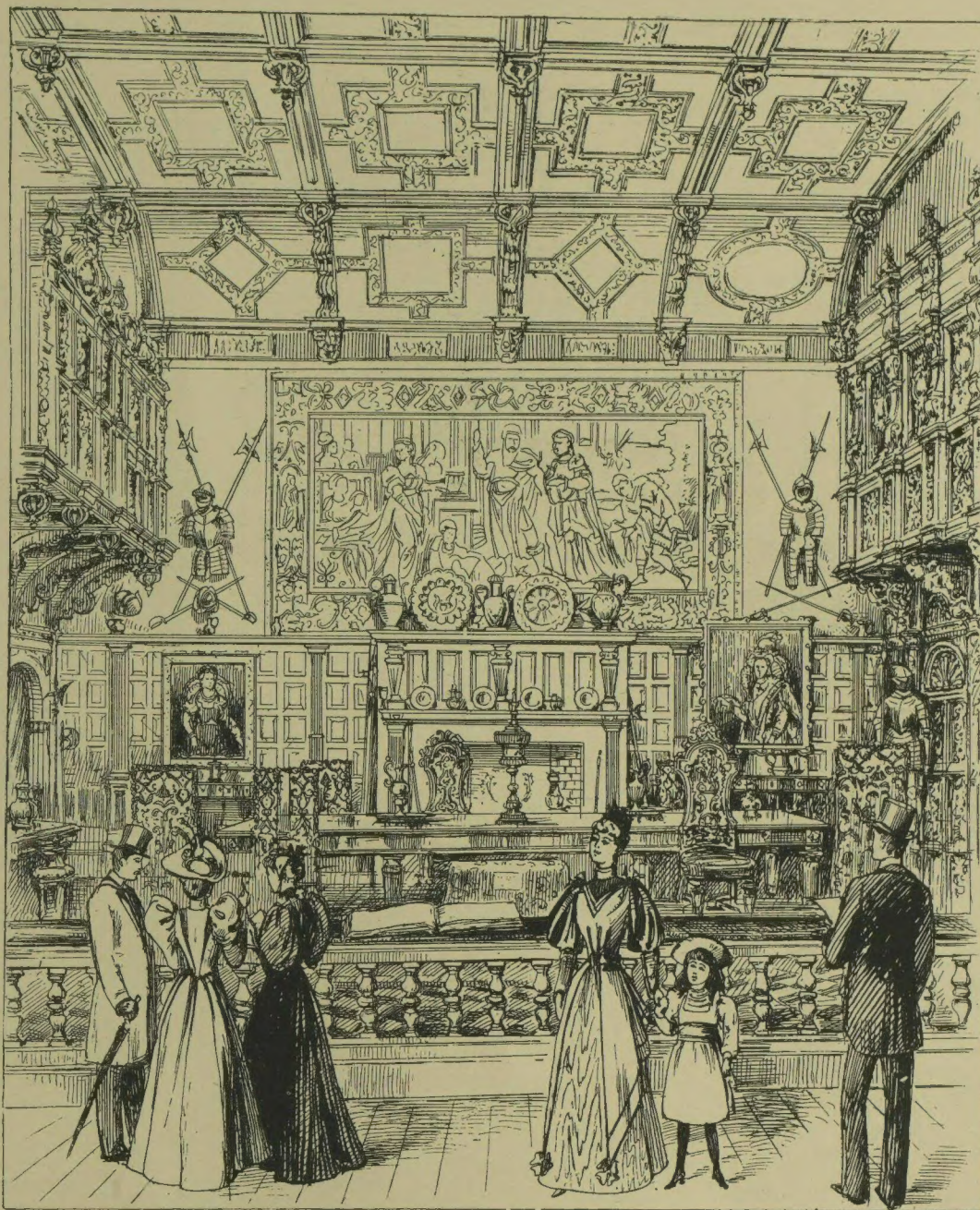
I wandered back to the ground floor, against the black and white marble of which the rich colours of the Oriental carpet in the centre stood out in admirable contrast. The large oak table in the middle, upon which chased silver and gilt flagons and cups were arranged in glittering profusion, fascinated me, and I took up an old German *Humpen*, or "Apostle jug," so called because of the enamelled figures of the twelve Apostles

running round the fine old glazed grey of the pot. "*Wer mich ausdrinckt zu ieder Zeit*," I read, "*Den gesegne es die heilige 3 Faltigkeit*"—"Who drinks me out at any time may he be blessed by the Holy Trinity." Here also I remarked a copy of the famous "Rainbow" portrait of good Queen Bess by Zucchero, the original being in Hatfield House—the serpent of wisdom on her arm and the eyes and ears all over her dress being meant as pictorial compliments to her qualities. She holds a rainbow in her hand, and "*Non sine sole iris*"—"No rainbow without sun" I read, and turned to examine a panel-portrait of Elizabeth, evidently painted before her accession, and said to be by Bronzino.

Not the least remarkable item of Hampton and Sons' exhibit is their recently issued "Book of Interiors and Furniture." A glance through this volume reveals at once the real source of Messrs. Hampton and Sons' success as furnishers, as the contents show that rooms can nowadays be furnished in a quite elegant manner at a comparatively trifling outlay. It is by their skill in achieving this end that Hampton and Sons have built up their immense business, and this book of examples evidences that it is upon this ability that the house still relies for its chief support.

Geographical, ethnological, and historical illustrations of many countries, nations, and various modes of human living in different climes and ages, may be contemplated in this Exhibition. The Levant contributes its characteristic specimens in the Syrian and Egyptian quarters, though one is inclined to doubt the authentic credentials of a Syrian waitress serving at a public restaurant (illustrated on a previous page), which does not quite agree with the reputed strict rules of Mohammedan society concerning the vocation of the female sex.

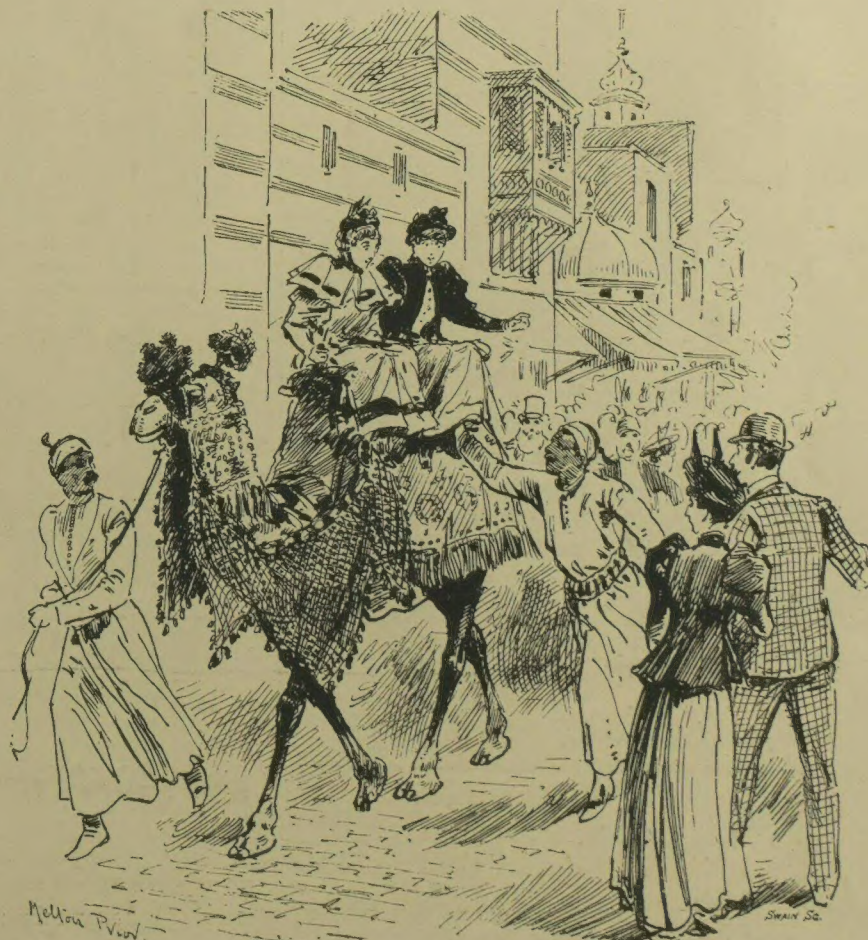
The street in Cairo, however, by its genuine Eastern aspect, reminds one tolerably of what may have been seen, either in actual travels or in pictures, or with the mind's eye in reading, of the old Mohammedan quarter of that city, which is thus described by a late writer: "The houses are high and narrow; the upper storeys project, and from these again jut windows of delicate turned lattice-work, in old brown wood, like big birdcages. The street is here and there roofed overhead with long rafters and pieces of matting, through which a dusty sunbeam may often struggle, casting beams of light upon the noisy, changing, parti-coloured throng, half European, half Oriental." But the reader will understand that it is only in the real city of Cairo, and by no means in the imitation of a Cairo street, that such a picturesque medley may be encountered.



THE REPRODUCTION OF THE BANQUETING HALL AT HATFIELD HOUSE BY MESSRS. HAMPTON AND SONS, LONDON.

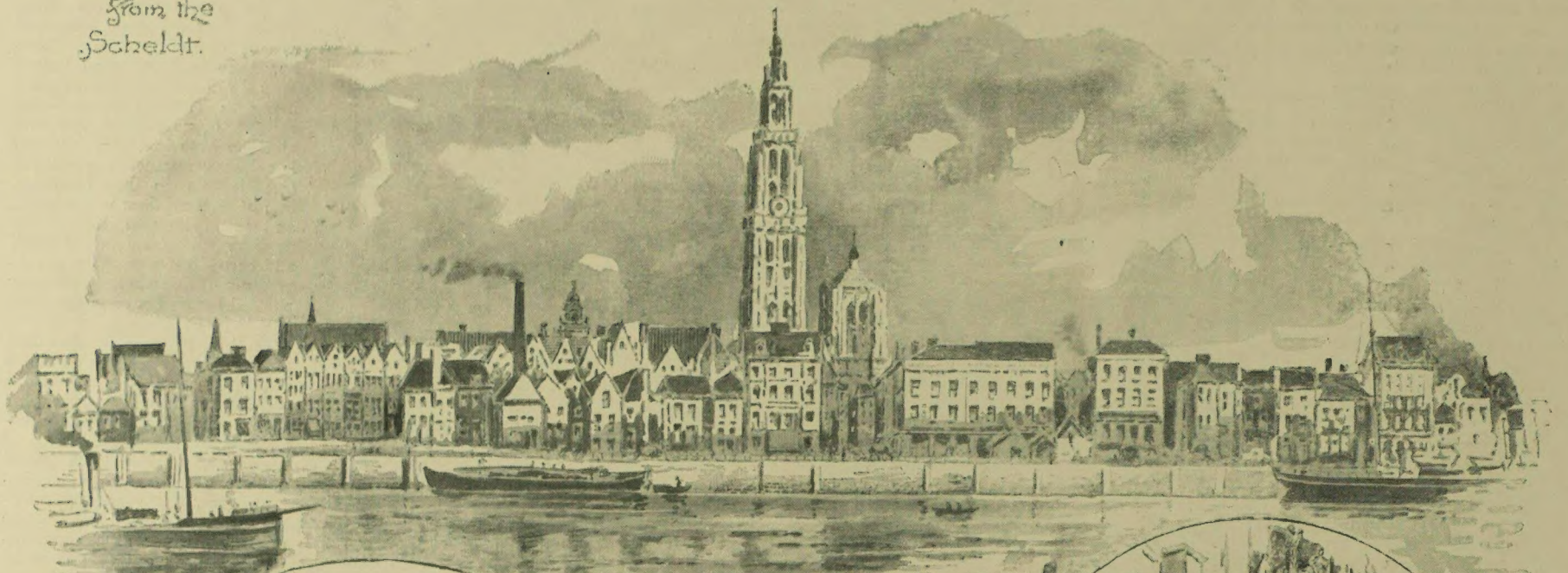


THE SYRIAN QUARTER.

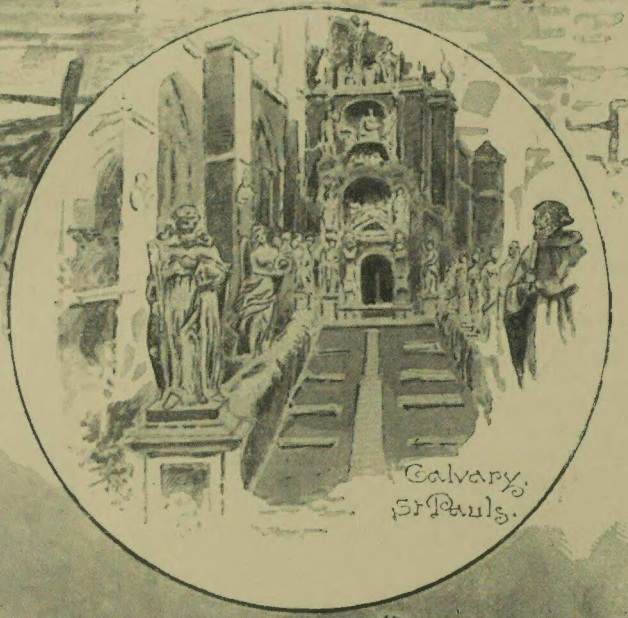


THE EGYPTIAN QUARTER: A STREET IN CAIRO.

Antwerp
from the
Scheldt.



Interior
of
St Pauls.



Calvary,
St Pauls.



Spire of Notre Dame,
and Statue of
Rubens
in the
Place Verte.



Courtyard,
Plantin
Museum.

W. B. Robinson
(Amst.)

The world's travelling agents, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, of Ludgate Circus, who go everywhere and carry everybody everywhere, hold their place, of course, in this Exhibition at Antwerp, to which city and to the many notable towns of Belgium and Holland—certainly more interesting by their historical associations, though approached through less romantic scenery than those of the Rhineland—they help “conducted” parties of tourists, at intervals of a fortnight, during the season. Their stall in the Exhibition presents to view a model of one of their commodious Nile steamboats, the *Rameses III.*, named after that Pharaoh of the Twentieth Dynasty, whose reign is commemorated in the sculptures at Medinet Abou; also, one of a “dahabeah,” or private Nile-boat, which may be hired by those who can afford it; an ancient Egyptian funeral-boat, and a Venetian gondola. Other models, photographs, guide-books, and useful printed tracts or papers, for the information of tourists and travellers in various countries, are to be inspected and obtained at this establishment. “Where shall we go next?” and “How shall we go there?” are questions to which the solution will be more easily found by resorting to Messrs. T. Cook and Son's agency.

OLD ANTWERP: A PAGE OF HISTORY.

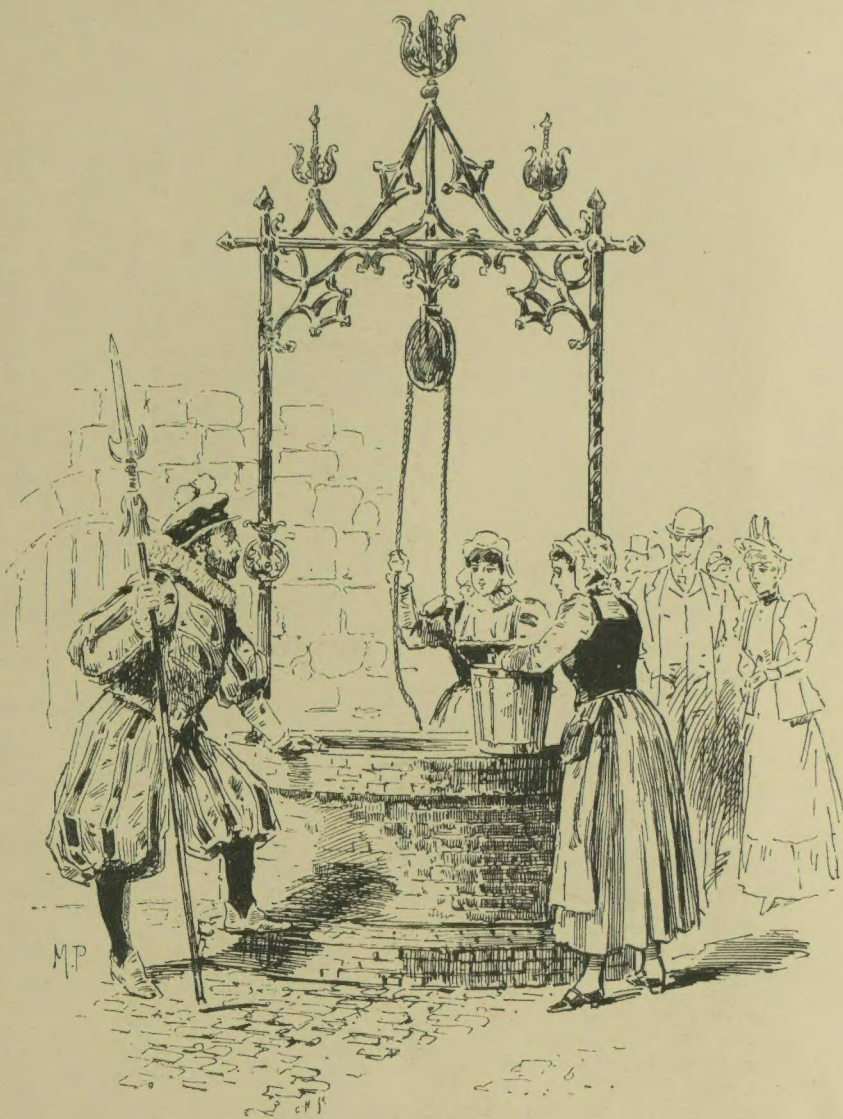
In the Exhibition grounds, to the right hand of the great southern avenue, between the Fine Arts Galleries and Museums and the pleasant gardens, several acres are occupied with a most interesting antiquarian and architectural reproduction of the famous old city, as it was under Spanish and Burgundian rule in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To the English or American visitor who has read the glowing pictured pages of Motley's History, this invitation to enjoy an imaginative plunge into the memorable scenes and intensely lively associations of the Past—of a Past, be it remembered, as full of social activity, of enterprise and skill, industrial and commercial, as that of Florence and the other Italian City Republics, or of Nuremberg or any of the German Hanse Towns—is highly attractive. Here, after entering by the Kipdorp Gate of the town—through which the French Duke of Anjou, the sworn protector of Brabantine and Flemish liberties, treacherously and surreptitiously introduced his soldiers, whose attack was speedily quelled by the enraged citizens—you reach the Market Place, with the “Oude Beurs” or Exchange; the “Stadhuis” or Town Hall, demolished in 1564; the “Schepenhuis,” or palace of the Burgomaster, Aldermen, and Municipal Councillors; the ancient chapel of St. Nicholas; and a triumphal arch erected in honour of King Philip II. of Spain, son of the Emperor Charles V., heir to the Burgundian lordship of the Netherlands, when he made his “Joyeuse Entrée” into his then loyal and prosperous City of Antwerp.

By this time I was thoroughly tired of the advantages and products of modern civilisation. Everywhere I had passed in search of old Flemish habits and customs, English commerce had ousted them from their place. When hungry I was offered Australian

mutton with Crosse and Blackwell's pickles and sauces; when thirsting after the old-fashioned “schnick,” Allsopp's beer, with its red-handed trade-mark, was placed before me; and even in the most orthodox of whisky which was Kinahan's and of soda which was Schweppe's. As the witching hour for “five o'clock,” as the fashionable Parisians call it, approached, still full of my desire to act up to the customs of the land, I asked for a goblet of old Rhenish, but was confronted with Horniman's tea and with Huntley and Palmers' biscuits. As the twilight deepened into gloom, the old lead-fastened lantern, carried by the muffled-up watchman, armed with his halberd, was looked for in vain; but, instead of this, the restaurants were being lit up with gas and Price's candles, so I fled precipitately from the spot with a wild desire to steep myself to the lips in mediæval history; and crossing the wooden drawbridge of the old Antwerp town, I betook myself for my repast to the Hôtel de Ville, overlooking the old market-place. Olzooks! it was excellent; and, washed down with old Rhenish, even his Imperial Majesty Charles V. would not have disdained it. The Town Hall, a wide and imposing structure, strikes you with its height, overtopping the other houses, its four octagonal towers rising high up into the summer sky; gilded eagles are spreading their wings upon the peaked summits of these. On the frontage below are represented the arms of Anthony of Burgundy, Duke of Brabant, under whose reign this Hôtel de Ville was built early in the fifteenth century. In the niches, as mediæval knights in mailed armour with their triangular shields and lengthy swords, looking grimly from underneath their fretted stalls, are the statues of the Dukes of Brabant, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, John I., Philip the Good, Charles the Bold, Mary of Burgundy, and the Emperor Charles V. Round the heavily made green glass windows they are congregated, and round the arched doorway, above which is a coloured figure of the Virgin Mary adored by angels. The stone balustrades leading up to the doorway are surmounted by those extraordinary little stone lions with that kind of mane that so much resembles a full-bottomed wig. The soft summer air is waiting fitful breezes across the wide market-place, and the sun of this summer evening in setting has been caught in the refulgence of that little attic window yonder that juts out on the grey slate roof surmounting an old red brick house, with its green glass, lead-fitted, small-paned windows, and with the façade that mounts like so many stone steps from each side towards the sky, to meet an end in some mysterious ball-like emblem on its tapering point. From the various wooden clumsy and high red-painted posters, that look more like sinister gibbets to our eye, the old dull iron-girt lamps are flaming fitfully, casting long shadows that dance to and fro upon the sanded ground.

All of a sudden a motley crowd enters the market-place; burly burghers in sober brown doublet and hose, their workaday aprons rolled under their arms; apprentices in short blue jackets with yellow slashes and trimmings, their mauve-stockinged legs and feet shod in brown leather, keeping time to the big drums that some of their number are beating as they advance. Here come others in olive-green, slashed with chocolate, with broad white collars, and wearing their little caps most joyously on the side of their heads; young girls with wide mouse-grey sleeves, slashed with emerald, black velvet stomachers, grey skirts, high ruffled white collars, and pretty little quaint velvet caps. But the queerest of all is a group of men, evidently retainers, in

doublet and hose of the coarsest grey, and long hanging sleeves, without gold or silver lace, and having but a single ornament, an emblem which seems to resemble a monk's cowl or a fool's cap and bells, embroidered upon each sleeve



A SIXTEENTH CENTURY FLIRTATION.

I rose hastily, and went out and joined them, and as I got nearer, I distinguished the words they were all singing—

Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom deyne;
Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom does;
Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom deyne;
Vive le Geus! is nu de loes.

De Spaensche Inquisitie, voor Godt malitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie, als draecx bloet fel;
De Spaensche Inquisitie—ghe voelt punitie!
De Spaensche Inquisitie ontvaelt haer spel!

Vive le Geus! wilt christenlyk leven—
Vive le Geus!—houdt fraeye moet!
Vive le Geus! Godt behoedt voor sneven—
Vive le Geus!—edel christen bloedt!

I understood this and their subsequent conversation perfectly well—a thing that astonished me all the more as my knowledge of Flemish was at best but flimsy, and the melody was so catching that in spite of myself I soon found myself singing it as well. The translation runs—

Beat the drum gaily, rub-a-dow, rub-a-dub;
Beat the drum gaily, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dow;
Beat the drum gaily, rub-a-dow, rub-a-dub;
“Long live the Beggars!” is the watchword now.

The Spanish Inquisition, without intermission,
The Spanish Inquisition has drunk our blood;
The Spanish Inquisition—may God's malediction
Blast the Spanish Inquisition, and all her brood!

Long live the Beggars! wilt thou Christ's word cherish—
Long live the Beggars—be bold of heart and hand!
Long live the Beggars! God will not see thee perish—
Long live the Beggars!—oh, noble Christian band!*

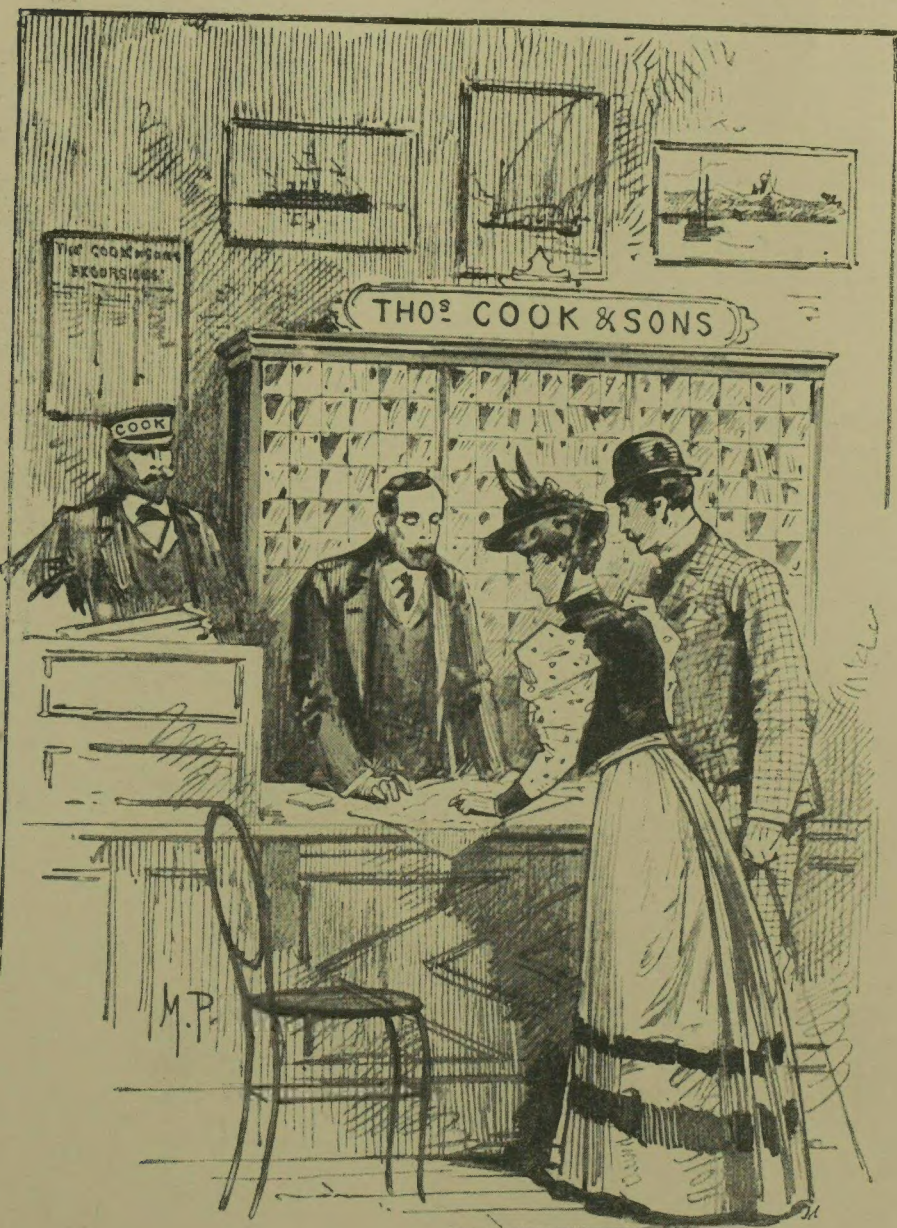
The whole crowd had just come from their yearly crossbow competition, and Pepyn the baker, having won the prize, was, as customary, obliged to invite them all to drink with him. The bakery was close at hand, with its wooden counter opening out upon the market-place, its square rafters and beams across the ceiling inside, its high shelves with flowered sugar-pots, blue pots and jars, and high twisted glass goblets. The old oak cupboards were fixed solidly upon the wall and adorned by two big-bellied shining brass kettles on top. The high straight-backed chairs looked uncomfortable and the little straw-plaited triangular stools. Here was I in the middle of the sixteenth century. The curiously twisted forged iron sign, with a gilded ear of corn in the middle, betokened the name of the place to be “In de Korenaren”—“At the Ear of Corn”; but what astonished me more than anything was the inscription in verse—

Hier in de Korenaren
Verkoopt man Huntley en Palmers' Waeren:
Broodt zoo wit en fyn,
Als koek en massepyn.

Here at the Ear of Corn
Are sold Huntley and Palmers' goods:
Bread so white and fine,
As cake and masscpain. (*Marchepain*, gingerbread.)

I could not understand it. Huntley and Palmers' biscuits in the middle of the sixteenth century—yet here were the biscuits! Sugar wafers were being munched by the retainers in the Beggars' costume. Chocolate wafers

* The original of this song may be found in the collection of Ernst Münch, Niederländisches Museum, i. 125, 126, and is a specimen of the songs made by the Flemish people while oppressed by the Spanish Inquisition. See also Motley's “Rise of the Dutch Republic,” p. 542.



THE WORLD'S TRAVELLING AGENTS.

found favour with the women, and the sponge and breakfast biscuits were all over the place.

"Come, Pepyn," said Jan, the chief of the retainers, "we want something to drink to thy health, as king for this occasion."



THE TORTURES OF SHAVING.

"Yes," said Piet the butcher, "for to drink to our Spanish King does not come easy to us Netherlanders."

"To whom?" said Pepyn.

"Well, to Philip the Second, King of Spain!"

"Ah," said another, "his father, Charles V., was more the man for us. He had the whole earth in his grasp, and yet when you met him in the street, he nodded to you, as if he were your own neighbour, and we all wept when he abdicated in favour of his son."

"He is no master for us Netherlanders," said Piet the butcher; "our kings must be jolly and free like ourselves; live and let live. We will not be despised or trod upon, good-hearted fools though we may be."

Burly old Pepyn said, "Well, friends, let us over to

inviting glow. Each house had its own peculiar physiognomy. Next to a red-brick house wedged in with a narrow frontage stood an old wooden building, the rafters of which were darkened by age, and its green windows seemed to frown angrily on its more opulent neighbours.

One cannot imagine how all these houses bear the imprint of their own peculiar history. Not one is like the other, although a certain family resemblance is not wanting. Upon the stone of the market-place is portrayed in mosaic the fantastical pattern of an enormous hand, the arms of the town, in virtue of the legend of a giant cutting off the hands of navigators on the Scheldt; hence is derived the name Antwerp—"Handwerpen": hand-throwing. As the moonlight mingles with the uncertain light of the swaying lamp, the outstretched fingers of this stone hand wave to and fro, and lengthen into enormous proportions before my astonished eyes, until, in one immense grasp, as of some giant octopus, they seem to compass the whole of this ancient city of Antwerp. As we all entered the Town Hall I became aware in the background of a portrait of a little old dwarf in parti-coloured costume. He was reading with much gravity out of a big book, and the old head, with strongly marked features, and peaked beard surrounded by white ruffles, was finely portrayed. The scroll above bore the following inscription—

Dat myn rug beladen is met eenen bult,
Daraan heeft het veel studeeren schult;
Wie van zulck een ornament niet houdt
Drinke 't bier dat Allsopp in Burton
brouwt.

And the translation was—

That my back is laden with a hump,
Much studying is the fault of that;
Who does not care for such an ornament
Should drink the beer which Allsopp in
Burton brews.

Yes, and there on the long deal table were the rows of black bottles of Allsopp, the whisky of Kinahan, and the soda-water of Schweppe, all being consumed with great gusto by Pepyn the baker, Piet the butcher, the crowd of Beggars, and all the rest of the mediæval gathering. Someone's history is evidently at fault; I said; however, I was not backward in refreshing myself. The beer and spirits had begun to take effect upon the crowd; their remarks, which had until now been cautious, the fear of the Inqui-

sition hanging over them, became rather more free. "A health to our master, Count Egmont!" cried Jan, the chief of the retainers, "the conqueror at St. Quentin,

the hero of Grave-lingen!" Great was the applause at this toast, for there was no man more popular than Count Egmont. "How did the introduction of your new liveries come about?" asked Piet the butcher. Jan laughed, "That is a merry story. Caspar Schetz, the Baron of Grobbendonck, the King's financial agent, gave a great dinner party recently. The conversation during dinner turned upon our oppressor Cardinal Granvelle, and his ostentation, greediness, and insolence were fully canvassed. The noblemen present derided him and abused him. The pompous display which he affected in his equipages and liveries afforded them much matter for ridicule. It was proposed, by way of showing contempt to Granvelle, that a livery should be forthwith invented, as different as possible from his, and that all the gentlemen present should adopt it. A symbol was also to be added to the livery, by which the general contempt for Granvelle might be expressed. But who was to invent the costume? The dice were thrown to decide, and our master, Count Egmont, won, and this is the result"—Jan pointed to his and his



A STREET IN OLD ANTWERP.

comrades' dress. "The embroidered device you see resembles a monk's cowl in reference to the Cardinal, and a jester's cap recalling Granvelle's insolence in speaking of the most eminent nobles as zanyes, lunatics, and buffoons." A general shout of laughter followed the speech, and they all now partook of an ample meal, at which I was no longer surprised to see the familiar sauces and pickles of Crosse and Blackwell appear. "My history is all wrong, I know it," I said helplessly to myself, "or perhaps I am unwell." I went out to take a breath of fresh air, and went into a quiet old-fashioned little shop, where I asked for a glass of water. The attendant brought out some Horniman's tea on a tray. "Oh, come now," I said indignantly, "if you are trying to fool me you had better say so. You know very well that at this epoch of the sixteenth century tea-drinking is not yet invented." A heavy hand placed itself on my shoulder, and I was aghast to recognise the scowling features of Peter Titelmann, the most cruel of all the Inquisitors. I struggled to shake him off, but in vain, and yet in my increasing fear I struggled until I awoke. Mine host of the Town Hall was standing over me and laughing good-humouredly as he lifted his finger. "The results of the Rhine wine," he said. I collected my scattered thoughts, laughed at my strange jumble of what I had seen of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, and, thanking the Lord that this was not the sixteenth century, but the year of grace 1894, proceeded homewards and to bed.



AN ANTWERP LADY OF RANK.

the Town Hall, where we will drink to our fill," and the whole crowd trooped over in a mass, laughing and talking and singing.

From the doors and windows opening out into the market place a blaze of light shone forth with a welcome



THE TOWN HALL OF OLD ANTWERP.